AUG. 27,
1938

Liberty

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Answers Der Fuehrer's
Liberty Interview

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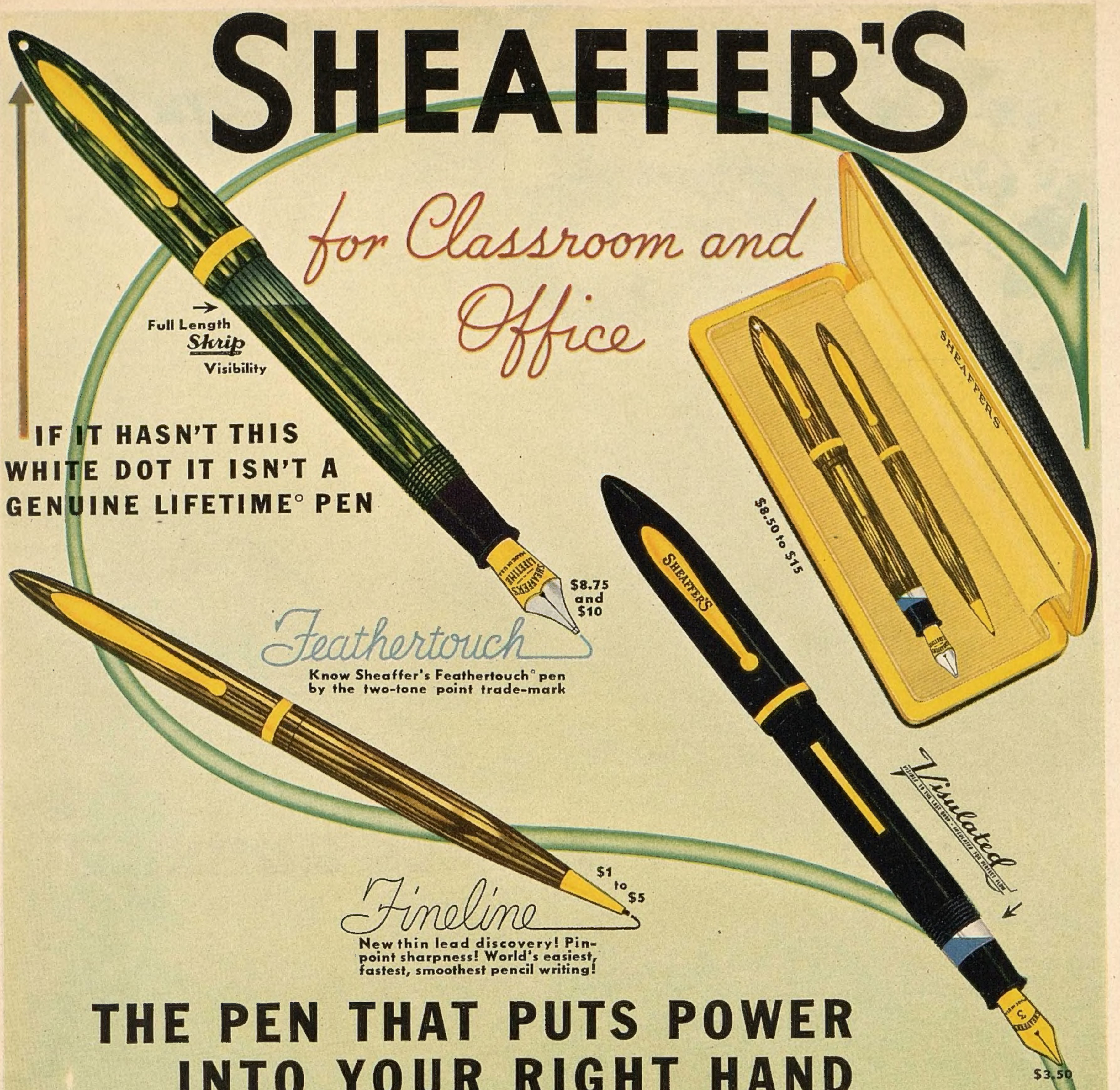
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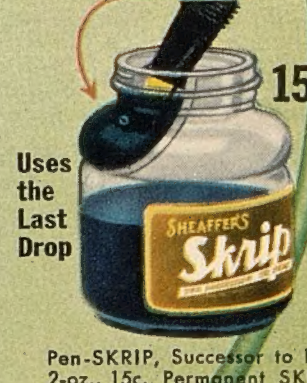
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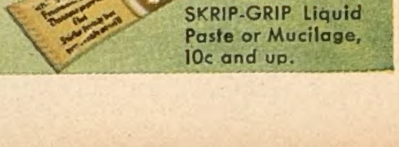
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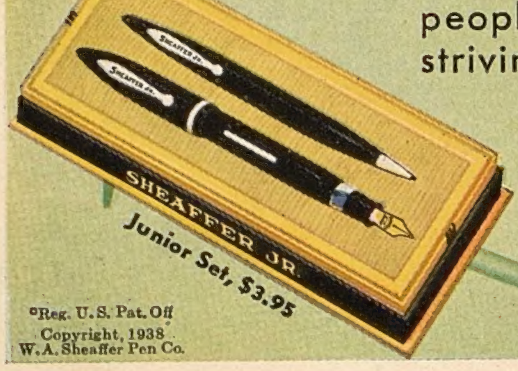
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THERE ARE some people who still believe that the use of beer is sinful or harmful. The scientific evidence is overwhelmingly against them.

The great majority of Americans accept the truth ... that beer is a mild, wholesome beverage . . . that "there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer."

We brewers find ground for concern, however, in the conditions under which beer is sometimes retailed—conditions undesirable to us all. What we seek to accomplish, first and foremost, is a measurable improvement of such conditions. For example, retailers' beer licenses are sometimes used as a screen to sell illegal liquor or to operate illicit resorts. Other examples are the sale of beer to minors . . . or after legal hours . . . or to persons who have drunk to excess. And while retailing is not our responsibility, we want these conditions corrected. We believe we will serve both the public interest and our own if we succeed.

The Foundation ... and its Code

In that belief, a short time ago the Brewers Foundation was organized ... to align the brewing industry with forces working for the public good.

Important progress has been made. Brewer-members of the Foundation already represent nearly half the production of beer and ale in the United States. These members are pledged, individually and collectively, to the Brewers Code of Practice, one significant clause of which is here reproduced:

> **"We pledge our support to the duly constituted authorities for the elimination of anti-social conditions wherever they may surround the sale of beer to the consumer."**

Being practical men, we promise no miracles. We cannot immediately or effectively "police" the quarter-million points where beer is sold (nor have we legal authority in many cases to do so). Nor can we, immediately, bring about full compliance with the law among all retailers, nor complete enforcement by all authorities.

A beginning has been made. In accordance with our program, we have cooperated with law enforcement authorities. We intend to carry on.

How you can help

How far we can go, and how soon, depends on ourselves, and on ***you.*** You can help in three ways:

Take the lead in arousing public opinion—which ***can*** see to it that existing laws are enforced.

Restrict your patronage to legal, respectable retail outlets. This can and ***will*** raise retailing standards.

Buy only beer or ale brewed by Foundation members.* Show us, and retailers too, that you ***are*** behind us in our efforts to serve the public interest and live up to our Code.

For centuries beer has been the beverage of moderation. In preserving it we must depend upon you leaders of opinion to take action. We urgently invite your full and sympathetic cooperation.

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation.

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AUGUST 27, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

IS THE FALL OF

Riches represent accumulated power, but maliciously used they are just as dangerous as wild, unchained electricity, water, or fire.

They can be a source of benefactions that lift up the fallen and ennoble the race, or they can be a destructive force that will crush civilization with steam-roller insistency.

The wealth of this country has been prodigious. Overmuch prosperity makes us selfish, greedy, and inconsiderate.

Sacrifice and suffering build character, exalt men and women, give them a sympathetic feeling for their fellow men. The brotherhood of mankind then becomes a reality.

Some of my editorial utterances have been caustically critical, but my habit of gazing into the future to acquire protective knowledge cannot be changed. I do not believe in going through life blindfolded. I do not believe in blind trust. Self-protection, individually or nationally, is the first law of nature, and if we do not build our great nation with a view to acquiring stability that will stand the strain of future years, we are not unlike the man who built his house on a foundation of sand.

It has been my opinion, set forth plainly in many editorials, that the policies of the present administration are carrying us toward certain disaster. It has been stated by many astute politicians that the present administration is not desirous of bringing about business recovery . . . that its officials are trying in every possible way to cripple industry, even embroiling the country in a war if needed to maintain their supremacy, with a view to making the situation so bad that ultimately they can take over business and industry without serious protest—a dictatorship that will enslave labor and capital à la Mussolini.

And the efforts of some of these officials verify to a large extent this ghastly suspicion.

The officials of Washington bureaucracy will probably do anything to hold their jobs.

The principles presented in this editorial are especially important at this time.

We will give a first prize of $100 and ten $10 prizes to those who are able to spread broadcast, through radio, public speeches, or otherwise, the views herewith expressed.

Write a letter giving details of what you have accomplished, being sure that it is postmarked not later than 60 days after publication of this magazine.

Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the occasions upon which addresses were delivered, the nature of the audiences to whom delivered, and the amount of editorial material utilized. Address replies to Liberty Editorial, P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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ROME A WARNING TO US?

President Roosevelt went into office with the determination to decrease their powers, but after the first five months of his first administration he apparently acknowledged defeat. Their mighty influence was too much for him. And then began the Socialistic efforts to control every phase of our business and civil life, which have continued unabated ever since.

If we desire to read the future by a lesson from the past, we have an extraordinary opportunity in a quotation from the new revised edition of Conquest of Civilization, by James Henry Breasted.

Apparently Rome went through the same experiences in which we are now struggling. They had facsimiles of the NRA and the AAA, including most of the alphabetical list of bureaus. They had their throttling taxes. And we all know the awful fate that befell the civilization of that great people.

To see ourselves in the same throes of despair that brought ruin and disaster to ancient Rome will be a disconcerting sensation.

My personal inclination is to be optimistic; but when you see danger ahead you cannot play the part of a coward who slinks away. It is your duty to warn your fellow citizens.

Read the following extract and make your own comparisons:

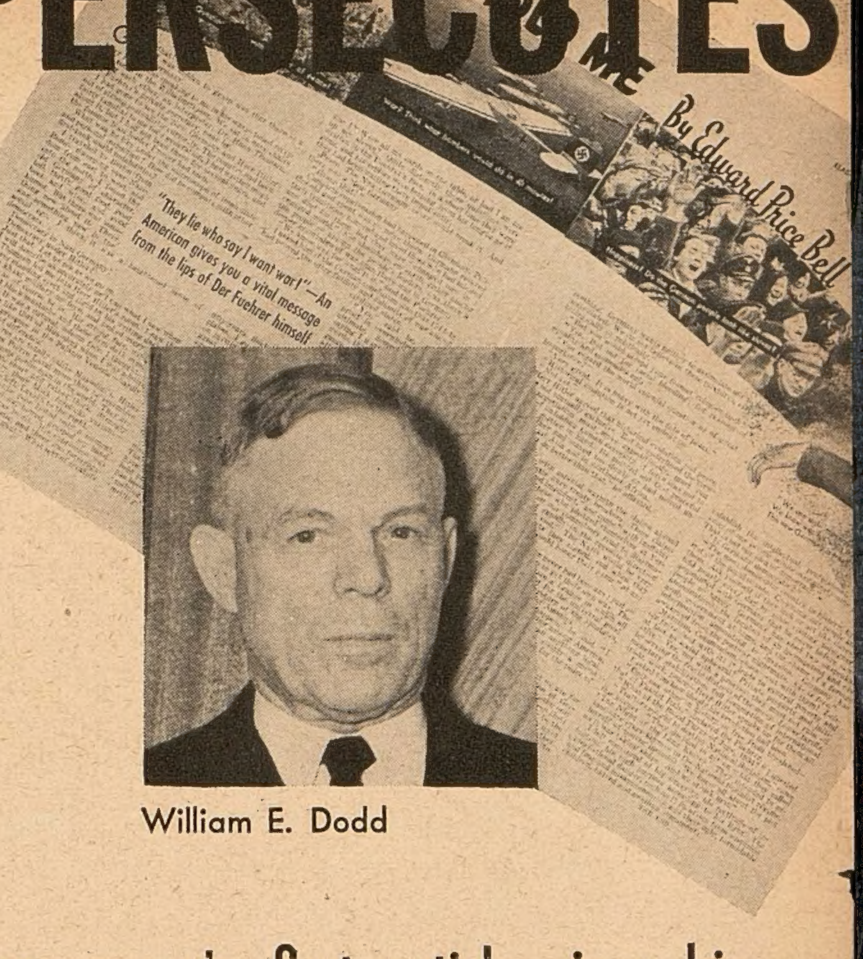
" The Roman Empire thus sank to a primitive system of taxation already thousands of years old in the Orient. It was now customary to oblige a group of wealthy men in each city to become responsible for the payment of the entire taxes of the district each year; and, if there was a deficit, these men were forced to make up the lacking balance out of their own wealth. *The penalty of wealth seemed to be ruin,* and there was no motive for success in business when such prosperity meant ruinous overtaxation. . . . The Roman Empire had already lost, and had never been able to restore, its prosperous *farming class.* It now lost likewise the enterprising and successful *business men* of the middle class. Diocletian therefore endeavored to force these classes to continue their occupations. He enacted laws forbidding any man to forsake his lands or occupation. The societies, guilds, and unions in which the men of various occupations had long been organized were now gradually made obligatory so that no one could follow any calling or occupation without belonging to such a society. . . . Thus . . . there disappeared in Europe the liberty for which men had striven so long, and the once free Roman citizen had no independent life of his own. . . . Even the citizen's wages and the prices of the goods he bought were as far as possible fixed for him by the state. The emperor's innumerable officials kept an eye upon even the humblest citizen. . . . In a word, the Roman Government now attempted to regulate almost every interest in life, and wherever the citizen turned he felt the control and oppression of the state.

" Staggering under this crushing burden of taxes, in a state which was practically bankrupt, the citizen of every class had now become a mere cog in the vast machinery of the government. He had no other function than to toil for the state, which exacted so much of the fruit of his labor that he was fortunate if it proved barely possible for him to survive on what was left. . . . The century of revolution which ended in the despotic reorganization by Diocletian completely destroyed the creative ability of ancient men in art and literature, as it likewise crushed all progress in business and affairs. In so far as the ancient world was one of progress in civilization, its history was ended. . . . We are now to watch it then as it falls to pieces."

Bernarr Macfadden

WHY HITLER PERSECUTES

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS


"They lie who say I want war!"—An American gives you a vital message from the lips of Der Fuehrer himself
By Edward Price Bell

William E. Dodd

Our ex-envoy's first article since his return from Berlin! A revealing reply to Der Fuehrer's interview in Liberty

WHAT Hitler says and what Hitler wants are two totally different things, a discrepancy between oratory and action which has been distressing the world for five years.

It is surprising to read Edward Price Bell's Liberty article, What Hitler Told Me, in which an experienced journalist seems to have closed his eyes to the tragic events, and their causes, in Europe since Hitler came to power. One day Hitler seizes Austria, menaces Czechoslovakia, the Ukraine, and Spain; the next day he declares that he supports and defends everlasting peace. What is the simple man, unversed in political maneuvering, to believe? The answer is clear. One has only to read the daily newspapers. Hitler, in almost every instance, has followed up his threats with deeds; he has conquered Austria through a scarcely disguised military invasion after proclaiming peaceful intentions. He is at open war, though undeclared, with a foreign Power: Spain. Therefore how can Hitler speak of peace when peace does not exist? It is not surprising that most statesmen and politicians in Europe and elsewhere avow their distrust of Hitler's utterances made for foreign consumption.

It seems either naïve or intentional that Edward Price Bell, apparently eager to accept Fascist ideology, does not go to the source of that ideology as far as Germany is concerned. Diplomats, statesmen, journalists, and observers of the foreign scene consult Mein Kampf—a book now famous for its revelation of international Fascism and its technique—if they want further proof of their already amply proved contention that Hitler is pursuing a relentless and ruthless policy for the domination of Europe and Russia. This Nazi Bible is still one of the best sellers of all time in Germany; has been an undenied expression of Hitler's ambitions and philosophy—past, present, and future. It is significant to note that most of the recent developments in Europe have followed, almost too closely, the pattern laid down in this book, published in 1924.

Edward Price Bell poses the question, Is there "democracy in Nazi Germany?" and answers with a vigorous "Yes." Later in the article Hitler is quoted as saying, Germany is "the most democratic country in history." Let us hear what Hitler has to say about democracy in 1924 and again in 1933 in Mein Kampf (and it is reasonable to assume he has not changed his views, or he would not allow the book to be a textbook for young and old alike, and would not continue to insult democracies regularly at his annual party meetings and elsewhere): "Democracy . . . is the feeding ground of that world pestilence which is enabled to develop there. In its outward form of expression—the parliamentary system—it appeared as a 'monstrosity of filth and fire.' Democracy has become an instrument of the race [the Jewish] which, in order to forward its own aims, has to avoid sunlight now and in all future time. None but a Jew can value an institution which is as dirty and false as he is himself."

Mr. Bell quotes Hitler further as saying Germany is democratic because of the popular vote. Any informed person knows by now that the vote in Germany is dominated by an elaborate system of terror and espionage—a dissenting voter having for his courage the opportunity to face concentration camp, prison, or rigorous and effective observation forever after by the Secret Police. One need only look at Hitler's desperate fear of having a fairly democratic vote polled in Austria—after Schuschnigg's fateful visit to Berchtesgaden about the Anschluss. Rather than chance this, Hitler risked war by invading Austria and declaring a controlled plebiscite.

Furthermore, if we agreed that democracy exists in Germany, we should have to revise our definitions completely. The German nation has no freedom of the press, of religion, or of speech. Hitler has destroyed the parliamentary system which is the heart and core of democratic rule. He has substituted a Nazi bureaucracy, dominated by himself, which is the center of a system of espionage, foreign and internal, hardly matched in history, resulting in fear and demoralization of the population.

Mr. Bell again quotes Hitler as saying that the New Germany would never break the peace. "I go on making peace with my neighbors. I go on inviting an everlasting settlement with France, our great and permanent neighbor. I go on promising nonaggression pacts with everybody. I propose an air Locarno."

There is no question whatsoever that Hitler would prefer to achieve all his ambitions—and they were the Kaiser's as well—without war. It is too great a risk internationally and internally. However, if he cannot accomplish his desired domination of Europe without war, he may not hesitate. Already he has taken many chances. And General Goering, second in command, is willing to take risks because he believes that Germany's airplanes would so horrify all other peoples that their governments would quickly surrender; this has been stated many times in the last two years and even recently in a formal address after the seizure of Austria.

Foreign diplomats are compelled many times a year to witness scenes of military display which are intended to intimidate them and to convince them and the governments they represent that Hitler's army and air force are invincible. He expects to so increase the military power of his nation that no other Power will venture to oppose him. Unless he feels a strong and organized opposition among democratic Powers, or unless, as in the case of brave little Czechoslovakia, some country dares to call his bluff, this technique will continue.

As to his attitude toward France, listen to this, in his own written words, now circulating in the millions: "We

THE JEWS

BY WILLIAM E. DODD

UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY, 1933–37

must be absolutely clear on the fact that France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of Germany. There can only be sense in it [a settlement with France] if it offers the backing for extending the space which our people are to inhabit in Europe." And again: ". . . isolate France, the deadly enemy of our nation."

After Hitler's reckless violation of treaties—for instance, the Versailles, the Locarno, and the Austrian of 1936, not to mention other examples of unscrupulous behavior such as the breaking of the Non-Intervention Pact in regard to Spain—it is no wonder that all foreign nations turn away distrustfully from new Locarno proposals and nonaggression pacts that he brings periodically out of his sleeve.

In regard to Hitler's future policy both in Europe and in the colonies, he writes in Mein Kampf: ". . . Germany's only hope of carrying out a sound territorial policy lay in acquiring fresh lands in Europe itself. . . . A colonizing policy . . . could only be realized by means of a hard struggle, which would be far more appropriate for the sake of gaining territory in the continent near home. . . . England . . . was the only Power which could protect our rear, supposing we started a *new Germanic invasion* [italics mine]."

Hitler, as he has declared in these and other statements, despite the credulous Mr. Bell, does not want to antagonize England for the moment by asking seriously for colonies—though whenever Germany feels too uncertain she draws this red herring across the path of England's imperial holdings—but will keep her as an ally while driving southward and eastward, first isolating France by the agreement with England. The *Drang nach Osten* includes all such smaller states as the Baltic and Balkans, then the Ukraine, which will be the first wedge into the Soviet Union. After that it would be scarcely of any use to *discuss* colonies, for Britain would be helpless against Germany's demands. This is the plan, stated and inherent in everything the Nazis are doing.

Hitler is quoted by Bell as saying, "Germans will run this country, the only country they have any desire to run; they will keep their fingers out of other people's pies." This recalls the arrogant speech he made at Nuremberg in which he described what the Nazis would do with Siberia and the Ukraine. Recent events have shown what Hitler did even to his partisans in Austria when they tried to run their own show. The constant menacing from across the Czechoslovakian border indicates what he contemplates there. His actual military participation in the Spanish war, and the part he had in fomenting the Franco revolt—evidence of which has been fully documented and published in London—make the phrase, "keeping fingers out of other people's pies," obviously empty.

Hitler's propaganda work in South America, which is beginning to assume alarming proportions and penetrates into the economic field—thereby displacing and disrupting a great deal of American trade there—is well known. During Roosevelt's Buenos Aires Conference, Hitler sent spies on the special mission of hindering or destroying the President's work. In the United States itself every one has seen lately the extent to which the Propaganda and Secret Police departments (even the War Ministry) of Germany have gone to learn our secrets, to anticipate our plans of national defense, and to propagandize not only the millions of Germans and their descendants here but also Americans themselves.

Hitler is also attempting to take away trade from Italy and France in the Balkans, to subjugate Danzig and Memel, and to enter into economic arrangements, if not more, with the Scandinavian countries, including Finland. The Poles themselves know that the ten-year nonaggression pact they signed with Hitler is only a temporary measure; that Hitler still has his eyes on the Polish Corridor and on Poland itself, as well as Czechoslovakia and Rumania, as a way to Russia. Hitler's pact with Italy and Japan last year indicates what his stand is and will be in the Far East. These three Powers have a network of spies and agents all over the world. There is no doubt that this spells militant world Fascist technique—hardly keeping fingers out of other people's pies!

Mr. Bell quotes Hitler again as saying, "We are not against the Jews as Jews." Hitler has never before been so engagingly tolerant as Bell would have us believe. It is patent to an ever-increasingly shocked world that his blasts against the Jews *as* Jews take the vicious form of the most horrifying spectacle of race persecution since the Middle Ages. Any one who knows Hitler personally, his statements and writings, knows the extent to which his racial fanaticism leads him. He would like to see every Jew out of Germany, and he constantly does, says, and writes everything in his power to accomplish this.

Not that he allows them to leave—on the contrary, he takes away their passports and their employment, effecting economic slavery, if not slow starvation, and decreasing birth rate, or he imprisons or executes them. It must be added, however, that Hitler's insane persecution of this racial minority is not only the result of his psychotic lapses but also of his political and economic abracadabra. He must always find some group to bear the brunt of hard times — Catholics, Protestants, intellectuals, radicals, workers, the middle class, and now lately the industrialists and wealthy classes—each has served in its turn. Hunger or international blunders must be accounted for in some way!

IN his last paragraph Mr. Bell asserts, "I left convinced of his [Hitler's] sincerity, his rectitude of intention, his high purpose. . . ." If we are to believe these things of Hitler we must revise our definition of words and their meanings.

Mr. Bell concludes that the present international danger is the result of hatred, armaments, fear, suspicion. Partially true of course, but more accurate and less evasive is the truth that international danger comes from three aggressive Powers in the world today, Japan, Italy, and Germany. They have already started three wars, two still going on, one concluded, with the starvation, murder, and agony of millions of people on their hands. The horror of the wars in Spain, China, and Ethiopia—not to mention the terrorization of Austrian peoples—reveals to other nations less desperate psychologically and economically, to what lengths militant Fascism will go.

These irresponsible leaders of world Fascism could be stopped. With tremendous amounts of money, men, and ammunition, they still have not won the terrible Spanish struggle. Japan has not subjugated China and never will. These Fascist countries have little natural resources or raw materials, an artificially controlled currency, and a popular support they are ever fearful of—all of which would help to paralyze them in case of a world struggle. If democracies, large and small alike, would co-operate and answer bluff with bluff, take firm political and economic action, war could be avoided and Fascism defeated in short order. Czechoslovakia fearlessly stood up against Germany and won. France, England, America, and other Powers ardently desiring peace could put up a front of solidarity that would intimidate and silence the Fascist aggressors. And this must be done if our civilization is to be saved!

THE END

What You

OME
WELCOME JOE DI MAGGIO

The sweet mitt of popularity—before the flavor changed to razzberry.

From sad experience (he's had it this season) an eminent victim ponders the unpredictable ways of the baseball fan

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

As you know, if you go to ball games or read about them, this has been a big summer for the booers and the hooters. The older baseball writers tell me it has been worse than ever before in the last twenty years.

Only the other day I discussed this with a prominent baseball official. He was sore about the whole thing—a lot more sore than I was. He said, "The hooting is an invasion of the Communistic spirit into baseball. The right kind of people don't do that sort of thing."

I thought he was joking. He wasn't. Personally, I see no connection between the hooting and Communism.

However, I am none the less puzzled by this hooting, and over the reasons for it. Puzzled not only as regards myself but as concerns many other ballplayers, some of them listed among the greatest in the game.

When I came back to the Yankees this season after having held out for $40,000 and signed for $25,000, I was welcomed with boos, hoots, catcalls, and every other form of derision and disapproval.

Other players had held out and had had the support of the fans. On returning to competition, they had received the acclaim and not the hatred of the fans.

The writers say that when Babe Ruth got into action after those fancy holdouts of his, the fans hollered themselves hoarse telling him what a great guy he was. And rightly so. I asked Ruth about that recently, after he had returned to baseball as coach of the Brooklyn Dodgers. He laughed. "The fans mean well. Pay no attention to hooting," Ruth said. "In spite of everything I had done in baseball, and for the Yankees, they started to hoot me, too, when I had begun to slip and couldn't chase those fly balls like I used to. It's the sort of thing we have to accept when we go into baseball. Don't let it get you down."

Fair enough. But still I could not find out why the fans were hooting. As I write this, the booing has subsided, but from time to time it comes back pretty strong.

In 1937 I won the major-league home-run championship, with 46. I hit well, drove in a lot of runs, and did what I considered a good job. I have gone all over this ground in Liberty and I don't want to bore you with any more averages. The Yankees had drawn about 2,000,000 admissions, we had won the world championship, and I figured I was worth more than the $25,000 a season which Colonel Ruppert offered me. I refused to sign, held out all through the training season, and finally gave in. I missed a dozen league games.

When I broke into the line-up, in Washington, I was not surprised when I heard the good old Bronx cheer. You sort of expect those things in other cities and take it as part of the game.

But when we got back to New York and I heard our own fans boo me, you could have knocked me over with a fungo stick. And when this hooting continued day after day, even though I was hitting over .400 and doing my bit in home runs, I was amazed and puzzled. Then I got sore. The booing affected me after a while. At first I figured it would last a few days and then be forgotten. But it did not let up. Some fan would start hooting and others would pick it up.

They got on Lou Gehrig, too, as he was making a slow start. And Lou had done much for baseball and for the Yankees. He has played in more than 2,000 straight pennant games and built himself a record that in many details is second to none!

Gehrig took it good-naturedly. "Don't let those things affect you, because they mean nothing," Lou advised me. "The time to worry is not when they hoot you. It's when they ignore you completely."

Since then I have had a chance to discuss this with older players and baseball writers.

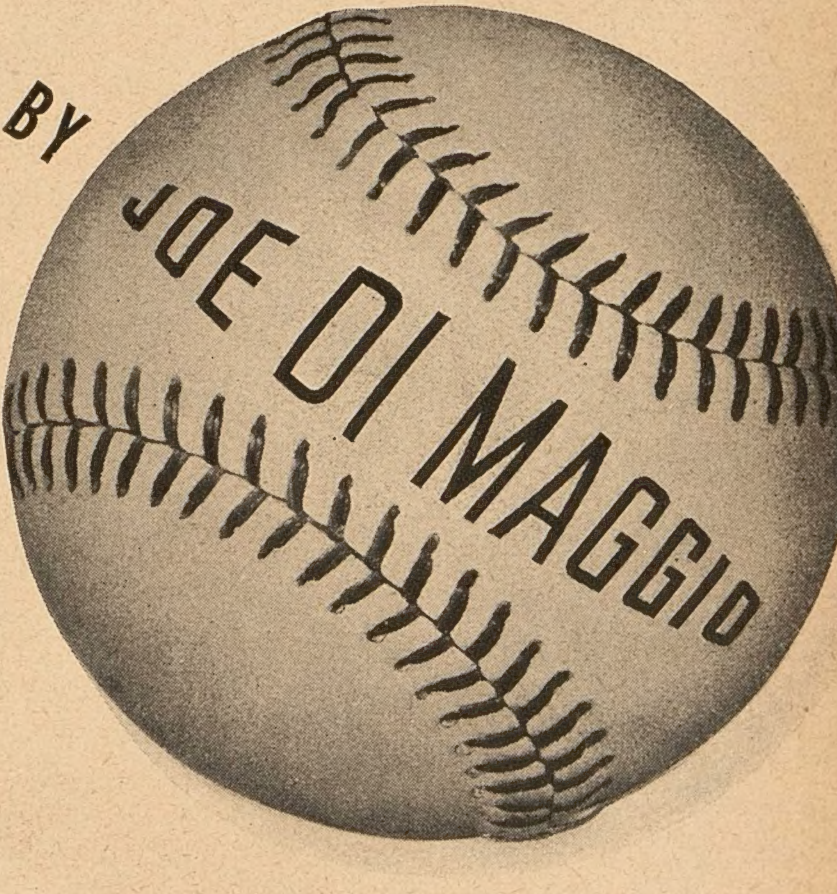
I found that many of the fans who hooted me in the Yankee Stadium were supporters of the Giants. In New York, as in Chicago, and, for all I know, in other two-club cities, there is a definite line between the fans of the local teams.

I notice that when the Giants are on the road and we are at home, a score posted on the board for the opponent of the Terry outfit brings cheers. Why this should be, I don't know. But it is an established fact.

Since the Yankee fans cheered for the opponents of the Giants, the Giant fans felt that they had to hoot one or two of the Yankees. And since I had held out, they thought I was the man on whom they should concentrate. So they gave me a going-over. And when the experts in this line start working on you, beware!

I discovered a second class of DiMaggio hooters. These were what the writers call dyed-in-the-wool fans, who were sore that while I was holding out, and then getting

BOOS and JEERS Do to Me



in shape, the Yankees had a tough time getting started. These enthusiastic experts felt that but for my having fought for more dough, the Yankees would have made a flying start and left the field behind. These booers, I thought, flattered me.

I found a third group of hooters in this hootingest season in years and years. They were located in the bleachers. They were either fans down on their luck, or persons who, in a time of recession, resented anybody turning down $25,000.

They said to themselves, "Here is a guy who has a lot of fun playing ball for a living, who stays in the best hotels and enjoys life in general—and he had the gall to refuse twenty-five grand for a nice summer."

I didn't get so sore at these folks, either. I was sorry for those who had poor jobs—or no jobs at all. I could see part of their angle. I could sympathize with them and feel that I was a very lucky young man to have that baseball ability which could insist on my share of what was coming in at the gate.

Still, I am told by men who should know that never before had this situation come up in a big way in baseball. They say that at the peak of the depression, when Ruth held out for $85,000 and finally signed for $80,000, the biggest salary ever given to a player, he was welcomed with open arms.

Well, the days went along and the customers kept booing. And I tried to sort them out in the stands—the Giant rooters, the sore fans who figured I had kept the club from taking a big lead, and the guys out of luck. And as I took apart their reasons and tried to put myself in their places, I found that I still was sore. Why did they pick on me?

Fans are strange people. One afternoon they will carry you off the field. You are the champion of the world. The next day, drop a fly ball, or fan with the bags loaded, and they'll give you the overripe razzberry.

On Saturday at noon, Mr. Jones is a quiet business man, known as a shrewd operator, with both feet on the ground. Four hours later, Mr. Jones may be the most rabid rooter, the most violent hooter, in a crowd of 60,000. This carries me into a study known as psychology —and I have trouble enough hitting without trying to dope that out.

A very important part of a ballplayer's experience and schooling in the major leagues is learning to take it from the crowd.

This was impressed on me by the great Ty Cobb before I went to the Yankees. As you know, Ty was the greatest ballplayer our game has seen. He lives in San Francisco. While I was with the San Francisco Seals, Cobb gave me a lot of valuable tips on outfielding. And he also wised me up on the ways of the game and the habits of the fan.

COBB told me how he had had the wrong slant. In his big days with the Tigers, he was a snarly, resentful sort of fellow. He made few friends, even among the ballplayers. And for that he is very sorry. He wishes he could start all over again.

Ty got into the habit of chasing hecklers into the stands. And as he was hooted and booed all over the circuit, he had a very busy time of it practically every afternoon the Detroit club was on the road.

Cobb told me, "Don't let hecklers get under your skin. It is important for a ballplayer to realize that playing the game is like life in general. You have to take the bad with the good, the bitter with the sweet."

When I came to bat and heard the hooters, I thought of Cobb and tried to live up to his advice. But it wasn't easy. It was a sour thing to know you were hitting over .400 and still had to divide your attention between the pitch and the razzberry.

I realize that what we call "taking it" is a very important part of a player's daily life. I know that you can't expect a bed of roses all the time. When you sign your contract, you've got to accept the job for better or for worse.

Only recently Burleigh Grimes, manager of the Brooklyn club, mentioned this hooting and booing to me and told me to ignore it. He said that if the razzers really bothered me, there was a handy and cheap cure.

"Some years ago, when I was pitching for the Dodgers, we had an infielder by the name of Ivan Olson," Grimes told me. "Ivy got to making occasional errors. Not as many as the fans imagined. But they got on him. If he booted one, he was hooted. Some of the fans got to booing Ivy just out of cussedness and habit.

"One day Olson went to his position with his ears stuffed with cotton. He could hear nothing. If he booted one and the customers razzed, he suspected—but did not know for sure. If Olson made a particularly fine play, and felt that the fans might cheer, he grinned and yanked the cotton out of his ears.

"Now, there was one ballplayer whose attitude toward the fans was an ideal one. Nothing ever bothered him and he lasted a lot longer than if he had taken those booings to heart—and hadn't thought of the cotton."

So if things come to that pass, I can buy myself some cotton and solve my problem as Ivy Olson solved it.

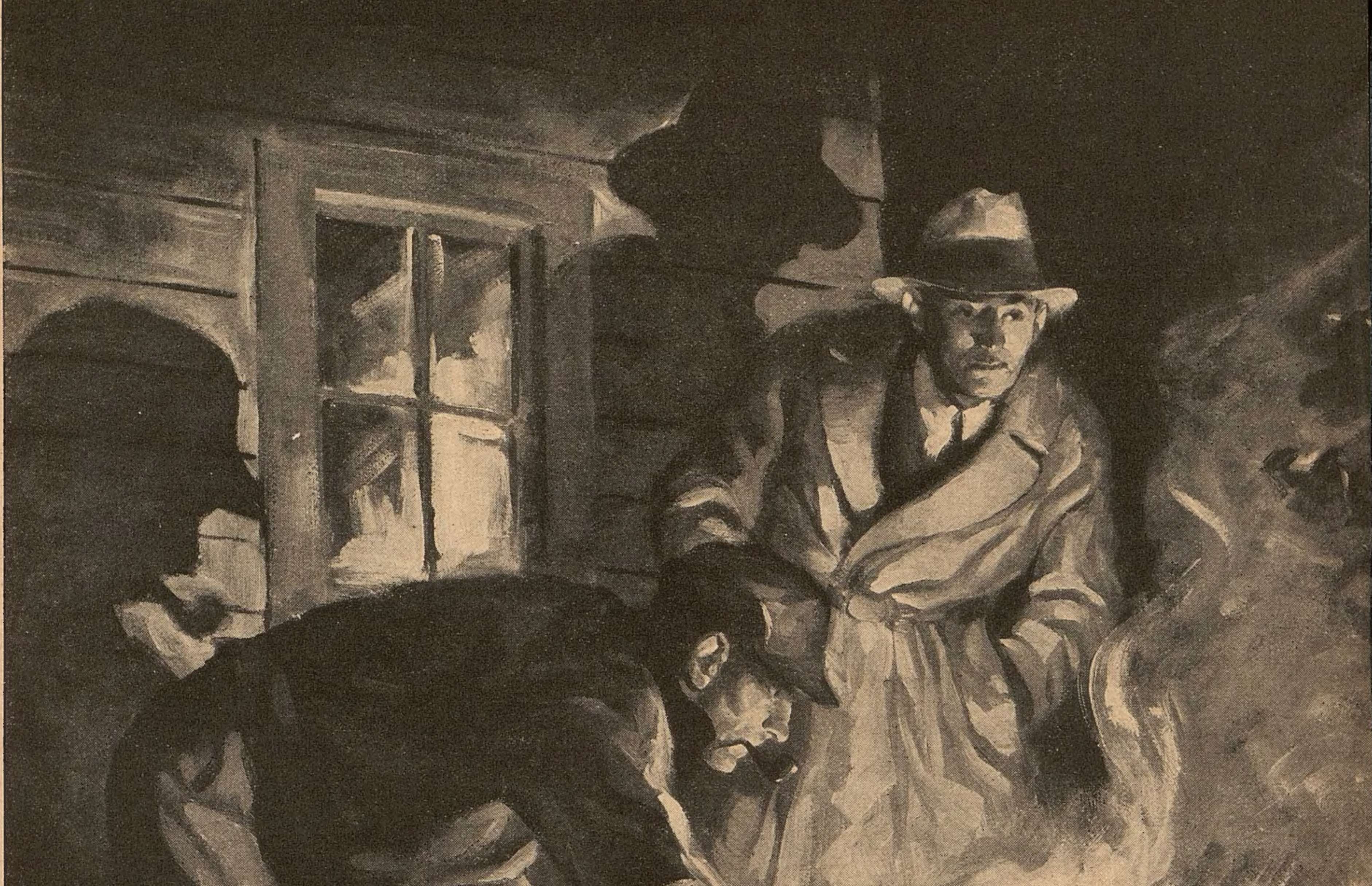
At the height of the hooting epidemic somebody wrote a story in which I was quoted as having said that so long as Colonel Ruppert kept giving me a check on the first and the fifteenth of every month at the rate of $25,000 a season, I did not care about the booing.

I never said this. I did care about the hooting. It made me nervous and jittery. It hurt my hitting. It injured my fielding. Then, to top it all off, the birds who booed and hooted started a story I wasn't taking care of myself. And then I really got sore.

But the hooters will wear themselves out. Players of other clubs tell me the epidemic is dying out in their cities, so I suppose it will stop in New York as well. The writers no longer pay any attention to it in their stories. And perhaps that, more than anything else, will end the booing in the booingest season in twenty years. And when it ends, Joe DiMaggio, for one, won't be sorry.

THE END

NIGHT WATCHMAN'S



I saw the watchman reach straight into the fire, draw out a live coal, and light his pipe with it!

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

I LEARNED at City Hall that Langley & Braden won the contract for thirty thousand feet open-cut sewer. The job called for eighteen-, twenty-, and twenty-four-inch pipe—crock, we call it—and I planned to sell at least some of it.

Big Stender, the job superintendent, did the buying for Langley & Braden. I had chased all over the city of Detroit, looking for him. I missed him at the Drifters' Club, at Bricklayers' Hall, and at Ronney's, where he eats. Figuring I would have to wait till morning, I ordered a cup of java, bought a Free Press, and sat down on a stool.

The front page was loaded with stuff about that aviator, Red Jackson, expecting to take off from Lake St. Clair for a flight to Moscow. There had been a lot of ballyhoo, and the searchlights made you think the sky was walking on stilts. Well, I wished the guy luck! I don't see how they do it!

Going out the door of Ronney's place, I ran into Paddy Moriarty, Big Stender's best pipelayer. "Hey, Pad!" I said. "No one seems to know where Stender is."

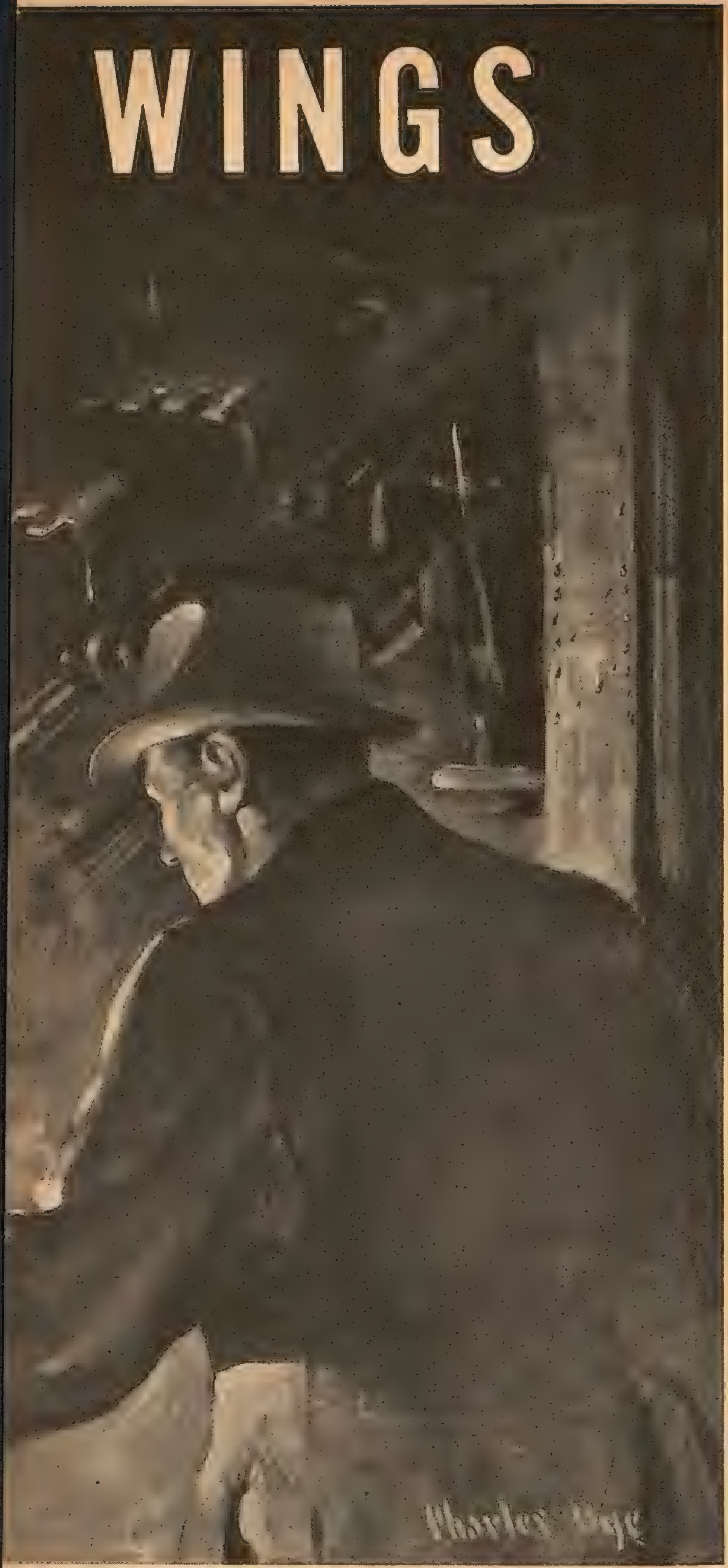
"I know where he is," Pad said, looking up at the searchlight beams. "He's prob'ly out to Ecorse, on the job."

"I didn't know you were working nights."

WINGS

BY EDMUND WARE

A story you won't forget! . . . Of peril and courage and mangled dreams, and immortal splendor in a man's heart



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DYE

"We ain't," Paddy said. "But I bet you'll find him in the shanty. Bet you a buck."

It was a clear, cold night and I had my car and a new heater installed; so I went out, and there he was, at the shanty—with a fellow I guessed was the night watchman.

Langley & Braden were just finishing up a big tunnel-sewer job near the Detroit River. Stender and the watchman fellow had a fire going, and sat there talking. They stood up when I walked in. Then I saw the watchman, with his right hand, reach straight into the fire, draw out a live white coal, and light his pipe with it! Then he chucked it back into the fire.

I must have made some kind of exclamation, because they both looked at me, curious. "Say," Stender said, "meet Wings Blue."

Wings thrust out the hand he had put in the fire, then snatched it back quickly. He thrust it in a bucket of water, and it went *s-s-s*, and some steam came up. "My mistake, brother," he said, shoving out the hand. "I forgot she was steamed up. She's cool now. Shake."

I shook his hand, and it was made of iron and it was rigged so that he could press his elbow against himself and make the fingers close. I said I was glad to meet him, and he and Big Stender began their talk where I had interrupted them.

"So you ain't heard a thing about his takin' off for Moscow?" Stender asked Wings Blue. Stender's voice was sarcastic, amused, belligerent—and yet it was affectionate, too. His face was as long-jawed-looking as a horse's, clean-shaven, and wrinkled as if continually set for yelling orders or oaths. He waved his hand in the gesture which means "phooey!" "How you goin' to get out to Lake St. Clair before he takes off, Wings? You gonna *fly* there?"

Wings looked up wildly at the searchlights' penciling—like chalk marks disappearing on a black slate. "No! I was going to—I said I *wasn't* goin'! I'm watchman, ain't I?"

Big Stender looked at me and his face wrinkled so, I thought it would come apart. Then he walked over to Wings and put a folded bill in Wings' side coat pocket. "Beat it!" he snapped. "Get out of here! Take a taxi!"

Wings Blue's eyes popped open in a look of abject worship. He dived off into the darkness toward the traction line, his mechanical hands—they were *both* iron—flopping grotesquely.

"Moscow!" Stender snarled, settling himself on a pile of stringers. "Fer ——'s sake! So me—I'm the super *an'* the night watchman, just because a guy is flying to Moscow! First it was Paris, then it was Berlin, an' now they gotta make it Moscow! Nuts!"

I said: "So Wings Blue was a flyer, hey?"

"Flyer? Him? Naw-w-w! He never even had a lesson."

I began assembling sales arguments in my mind. Big Stender was a hard nut to crack, but he had a marvelous name among the deep-trench and tunnel-sewer men. Most any one who had laid crock or segment block for Stender could get a job anywhere else. If anything went wrong underground—"down the hole" we call it—Stender was down there like a flash. There were a lot of wild tales about rescues he had made.

I glanced at him from the corner of my eye. I said: "Wings gave me quite a start when he put his hand in the fire. I figured he might have been in a plane crash."

Stender's head reared up, his eyes darting. "Plane crash? Him? He never even was up in one, hardly, I said."

Stender stuck out his hand and tapped me accusingly on the chest. "What do you wish you was besides a material salesman?"

I don't think I'd have told Big Stender the truth if his question hadn't surprised me so. "Why," I said, "I—always wanted to teach mathematics."

"Schoolteacher!" Big Stender was thoroughly disgusted. "Well, I guess it don't matter. Me, I always wanted to be a sailor—so I work underground in the tunnels! Paddy Moriarty's about the best pipelayer I ever seen, and all his life he wanted to be a Maine guide! Cripes! An' it was like that with Wings Blue, see?"

He looked up at the searchlights. They, or the dark night, or the flickering fire made him want to talk.

COUPLE years ago we landed a tunnel job not far from here, near the D. T. & I. tracks [Stender began]. We run into hard luck from the start. The steam hoist busted on us, and we struck quicksand, an' *diamonds!* Rocks as big as pianos and plumb centered in the drift of our tunnel, bedded in the blue clay that you can always figure on on jobs around here.

Henry Ryde—a big Belgian used to work for me—busted three ribs blasting out a diamond. The day after Henry landed in the hospital, a tall blond kid come up to me and asks for a job.

"Well," I says, "what can you do?"

"I'm a wood chopper," he says. "I been an axman in the lumber woods upstate."

"Oh," I says, "you're a wood chopper. But you want to be a tunnelman, hey?"

He was pretty flustered, and the surface gang was grinning and listening. "No!" the kid says. "I don't want to be a tunnelman. I want to learn to fly. They say you're paying big wages for working underground. It takes money to learn to fly, an' that's what I'm after."

Well, about that time Paddy Moriarty an' his helper come up out of the shaft in the bucket. Paddy was hanging to the cable with one hand, and he yelled: "Aviators always got to go 'underground school,' Stender. Di'n't you know that?"

I seen the kid was kind of dumb, an' serious, an' willing to learn. So I hired him on in the place of Henry Ryde, and I trained him myself. That was the first time I ever seen James Polonius Blue.

When the miners finished cutting their ten-foot drift, Wings and I would go down the hole in the bucket to lay the block after them. Goin' down, Wings would make a motion with his hands, like pushing a stick forward. Tom LaVerne, the engineer, would slack away, and down we'd go, Wings making a noise like *z-o-o-o-m!* Just before we'd hit the floor of the shaft, he'd make like he was pulling back the stick, for a landing. If the bucket happened to strike the flooring level, he'd say: "Three points!" If it hit on one side, he'd shake his head, and say "Too much rudder—lousy!" or, "Crash due to pilot's error," or some fool thing.

"You better go back wood choppin'," I used to say to him, just to see if he'd get sore. "That's nearer flyin' than working *under*ground. Wood choppin', you're at least on top of it, even if you ain't up above it."

He would look at me, very serious, and his eyes would get round, like he was dreaming. "There is no future in wood chopping," he would say. "I won a prize at the lumbermen's games in Cheboygan, but that didn't make it any different. It is very prosaic."

I asked him what that meant, and he said: "Common, uninteresting, unromantic."

"Well," I says, "do you find the construction of sewers more romantic, Mr. Blue?"

Half the time he never knew when you were kidding him or being sarcastic. He was so tied up in his thoughts and plans about flying that no one ever got to him.

Along early in November that year, we sunk a new shaft—last one on the job. The blueprint called for a depth of forty feet. Wings helped us dig it, and we had a lot of fun with him about crabholes. Crabholes go down thirty feet or more, and they're full of water—ice cold. When you cut one with a spade knife, they squirt you. A fellow used to them plugs them with clay. Paddy Moriarty plugged a hole and told Wings to cut there with his spade, and Wings got a drenching.

We put a flooring in the shaft, and sheathed it solid with three-by-twelve spruce planking, maple stringers every four feet. That gives a good margin of safety against cave-ins. Then we rigged the head house, and built the dump platform, and slung the bucket on the cable.

There was a funny thing about this shaft, and I ain't ever seen the like of it before or since. On the surface, about ten feet back from the edge of the shaft itself, there come a little crack in the ground. This crack run in a half circle, halfway around the shaft. There was one other thing: this was a wet shaft. We had to use two siphons to keep water off the bottom.

The night before we're going to start, Wings come to me with a big idea. "I thought you might like to go with me tomorrow, Stender," he said. "That group from Selfridge Field is giving a demonstration. They're crack army flyers, and you'll see some—"

"Whatcha talkin' about?" I says. "Are you nuts?" That new shaft was on my mind, and I knew it was a boogey, and this kid Wings Blue inviting me to see airplanes!

"But Stender," he says, "tomorrow's a holiday—Armistice Day." He looked like his heart was broke.

"Holiday? Since when was there any holidays on a tunnel job?"

"But that bunch from Selfridge," he says. "They're wonderful."

"Well, maybe they'll fly over the shaft tomorrow, an' you can look up an' see 'em from there," I says.

"You—you mean we're goin' to work tomorrow in the hole?"

"I'll say you're goin' to work tomorrow—in the hole!"

I got out on the job early, to have a look at that crack in the ground, and it had widened an inch. I looked in the shaft, and it was all right—wet and dripping but the sheathing didn't show any bulge or squeeze.

Tom LaVerne and Wings showed up, and Tom started toward the donkey engine to get steam up. "Hey, Wings," Tom says, "you're such a wood chopper. How's to bust me some kindling, huh?"

TOM handed Wings an ax and pointed to an old stringer. Wings hit the stringer with the ax, then stepped back and looked down at the ax. There was a nick in it—not much of a nick, at that. Wings walked up to Tom an' says: "Did you know there was a rusty spike in that stringer?"

"Sure, what if I did?"

"Haven't you got any respect for an ax?" Wings said.

"Aw-come off it," Tom said.

"You'll have to turn the grindstone while I take that nick out," Wings said, very calm and forceful.

Tom LaVerne laughed at him and sat watching the pressure rise in his steam gauge. Wings brought the ax over to me and said he wouldn't work until some one turned the stone for him to take out the nick. I pretty near flew off the handle myself, but the crew was arriving, and I figured it would save time if I let Wings have his way for once. I gave him a surface man to turn the stone, and then went over to where the mining crew was changing clothes.

Nick Christopher had had a lot of experience in the ground, and I showed him the crack and asked him what he made of it. Nick just shrugged. He kept looking at the crack but he said it didn't look bad. "Well," I said, "let's go down."

The way we work a new shaft is this: a miner and his mucker start drifting in opposite directions, one crew on one side, one on the other. The miner cuts a hole in the blue clay with a spade knife, then he reaches in with his mining knife, cuts out a long strip of clay, and pulls it back to where his mucker can grab it. The mucker loads it into the bucket. When the bucket is full, he signals to the tender on the surface. *He* signals to the engineer to hoist away. The clay goes up to the platform on the head house. Two tenders on the platform tip the bucket and the clay slides down a chute into a dump truck.

When the miners have drifted ten feet or so, the tunnelmen go down and line the tunnel with segment block, casing the block all around with dry mix—sand and cement mixed dry. And that's how sewers get born!

While the miners were working that morning, I'd go up every ten minutes and measure that crack in the ground, and I'd go down and sight up the walls of the shaft for a bulge in the timbers. The shaft was getting wetter and wetter. Little spurts would shoot out between cracks in the timbers now and then.

When we went down to lay the block, I told Nick Christopher to stay beside that crack; and if it opened much more, to let us know down below quick.

Wings and I worked in one drift, and Paddy Moriarty and Izzy Rubenkatz in the other. Wings and I were leveling the tunnel floor with dry mix, when the shaft began to pop off. Pretty near all new shafts pop off some. It's the clay settling in and tightening up around the timbers. But it ain't a noise that you like to hear, ever. You're down there, forty feet below daylight, and all that keeps the shaft from folding up with you inside is the timbers. They'll go off sometimes with a crack like a pistol. Then, after a day or two, if there's nothing wrong, the shaft will quiet down, because all the timbers will be taking their share of the strain about equal.

Wings and I were in back ten feet on our knees, in candlelight and the steam rising off our backs. "Listen!" I says to Wings. "Listen!"

Wings' face got round, and he says: "Did you hear a motor? Maybe it's the bunch from Selfridge!"

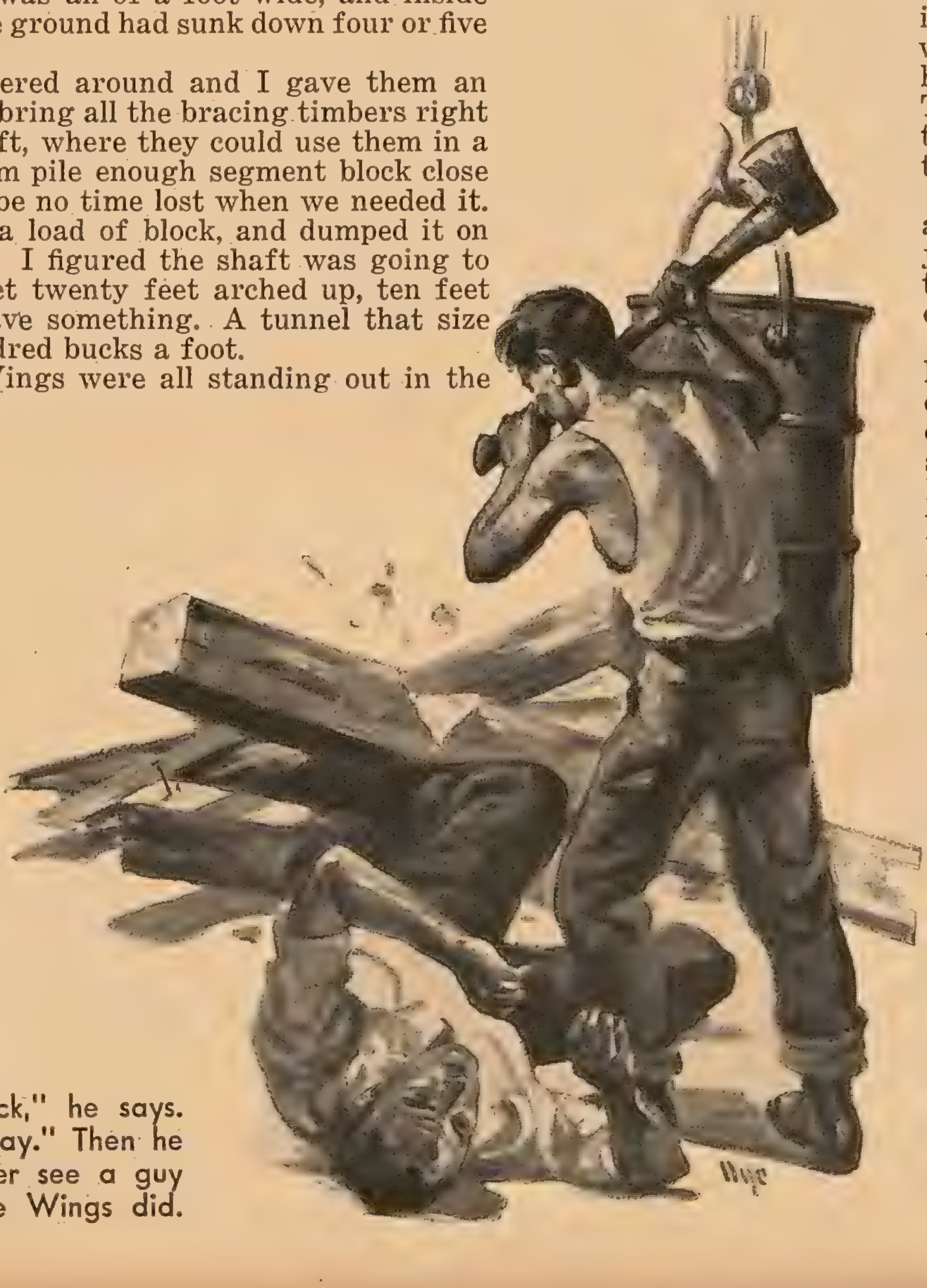
I says: "Wings, you mention airplanes, or motors, or the Armistice, or them maniacs from Selfridge Field once again, and I'll bop you one."

Just then I heard *r-r-r-rack!*—like that. It was a sheathing plank buckling, and I knew it. "*That's* what I meant!" I says.

I crawled out to the floor of the shaft, and came face to face with Paddy Moriarty crawling out of his hole on the other side. Paddy didn't have anything on but pants and brogans, and his chest was all furred out like a black bear. Over his shoulder I seen Izzy Rubenkatz's face in the candlelight. Paddy and I stood up together on the shaft floor. He started to say something, when Nick's face showed over the side on top. "Hey, Stender! The crack's bigger. It's all the way around the shaft."

"Go ahead up," Paddy said, and I went up, hanging on the cable. The crack was all of a foot wide, and inside the circle it formed the ground had sunk down four or five inches.

The crew had gathered around and I gave them an earful. I told them to bring all the bracing timbers right to the edge of the shaft, where they could use them in a hurry. And I had them pile enough segment block close by, so there wouldn't be no time lost when we needed it. I went back down on a load of block, and dumped it on the floor of the shaft. I figured the shaft was going to go, but if we could get twenty feet arched up, ten feet in each drift, we'd save something. A tunnel that size figures close to a hundred bucks a foot.



"Lay farther back," he says. "You're in the way." Then he begun, an' I never see a guy handle an ax like Wings did.

Paddy, Izzy, and Wings were all standing out in the shaft, their backs against the wall. Every now and then a stream of water would spurt out between the cracks about twenty feet up.

"Come on!" I says to them. "Let's arch her up and get out of here!"

Izzy stooped and got a hold on a block. They weigh about seventy pounds, and I seen Izzy pick one up, and kneel in the mouth of his drift to lay it down. Paddy had started after him. Wings was moving toward the pile of blocks, and I had turned toward the drift on our side, when I looked up and saw the wall bulge. A ten-by-ten maple stringer swung out over us, and behind it the sheathing bent outward, and after that a jag of clay the size of a hen house.

I jumped for Wings, and gave him the heel of my hand in his chest. I slammed Izzy in the side of the head, and the both of them sprawled close in against the shaft wall—clear of the mess when it struck. But something hit Paddy Moriarty—a split plank, maybe. It would of killed any one but Pad, and it knocked him to sleep.

Tow LaVerne had lifted the bucket just a few feet off the floor, and it was thrashing around like panties in a gale, what with the big stringers hitting it when they fell. But it was the bucket saved us.

There wasn't much light down there—only gray like. You could see it gleam on the guys' faces, and they was all white as putty and sticky-lookin'. Wings picked up Paddy and dumped him into the bucket. Then Izzy jumped into the bucket on top of Pad, and Wings jumped on too. He was hanging to the cable with one hand, and he was leanin' towards me. "Jump, Stender!" he yells. "Jump on—quick! The whole works is goin'!"

WELL, I made a jump for the bucket, but I was anchored by one foot, and the jump throwed me flat. I rolled on my back an' looked down, an' my right ankle was keyed solid between two of them big ten-by-tens. I got out my knife and slit my bootlaces, and my foot wouldn't come out! I twisted until it's a wonder I didn't pull my foot out by the roots, but I couldn't budge. The pressure from the side walls had them stringers braced like they was bolted solid.

Above me I seen the bucket swingin', an' Paddy's legs hangin' on one side, an' Izzy an' Wings spinning round an' round, dodging timbers as they fell. I seen I couldn't make it. I seen the shaft was closin' in over our heads, an' if the bucket didn't go up, it would *never* go up! The water was getting deeper an' it was plowing in on us from two walls. So I got my fingers in my mouth and let go a whistle signal I bet they could hear clear over to Belle Isle. The cable snapped tight and the bucket shot up with the three of them aboard.

I lay on my back lookin' up, and I seen Izzy an' Wings jump off up on top and then turn back and drag Paddy out.

Well, maybe you think I had the feelings of a hero down there, dodging chunks of blue clay, with one foot staked out! I didn't, though. I would of traded places with the water boy, if I could of been on top! Only I *did* wish that if I was goin' to get it, I would get it quick. Faces was lookin' down at me an' voices was sayin': "He's alive! Say, he's still alive!"

The bucket would sway to one side an' cover up the faces, then sway back an' cover up the faces on the other side. Then some one jumped and grabbed the cable, and the bucket came down like the cable had been cut, an' stopped with a jerk above me. Out jumped Wings—with that ax he had sharpened!

The bucket came down the rest of the way, an' Wings heaved it to one side, an' I saw the cable slack and coil. Wings pushed it back and braced it with a loose plank. Then he came over and looked at the stringers that had trapped me.

"Get the hell up out of here, Wings," I says, and I wanted him to go, and yet I didn't want him to go.

"Lay back farther," he says. "You're in the way."

Then he begun with that ax, an' I never see anything like it! Them stringers was hardwood—maple—ten inches square. They was wet, an' that helped some, but I never see a guy handle an ax like Wings did. A long time afterwards, when I got to figurin' back, I seen how it was just luck I hadn't got sore at him; how it was just luck I had give in to his whim and let him have a man to turn the grindstone. Only if you get to thinkin' back, *'way* back, it will drive you nuts. Wings coming down out of the lumber woods to earn money to take flying lessons. How he come on to the sewer job, to work underground, where wages was high on account of the risk. How—how he wanted a day off, a legal holiday, too—to see them fellers fly their army planes; and how I wouldn't let him off, because we just never thought much about holidays.

But when he was layin' a scarf open in that stringer, I never thought of nothing at all—only that he might cut my leg off at the ankle. But, say! Wings figured which way my foot was layin' under the stringer, an' he hewed down each side, and by the looks, he wasn't using an ax at all—but a block plane, he was that accurate! When he got nearly through the stringer, the pressure did the rest. It buckled, an' I was free.

Wings looked up toward the light. I followed his look with my eyes, an' it seemed now there was just about room for the bucket to get up through to the surface. I tried to stand up and walk to the bucket, but my leg was numb, and I fell. Wings gathered me up and dumped me into the bucket like he had dumped Paddy. He climbed on, trying to straighten out the cable. He whistled with his lips, and all the time he was fumbling with the cable. I couldn't see his hands. He was standing on top of me, when the bucket gave a lurch. It started up, and stopped, dropping back a couple of feet.

Wings let out a gasp. The cable brought up again, and we went up, knocking once or twice on the broken timbers. But we made it.

Izzy—I think it was Izzy—reached out and pulled the bucket to the edge of the shaft. The gang grabbed us and pulled us out. The ground around the shaft had sunk down six or eight feet. What happened was that a big water main had cracked open right beside the shaft. That was what made the shaft so wet and what caved it in. We found that out later. At the time, there wasn't any one thought about that—just about Wings.

Both Wings' hands were cut off clean at the wrists. It was the cable done it down there in the shaft, when he was fumbling with the slack, an' give the signal. Tom got the signal, an' give her the steam, an' both Wings' hands was in a loop in the cable, fouled. Blood was pumping out of his wrists, an' the gang was standing around—in a panic.

I CRAWLED over to Wings and got my thumbs sunk into his elbow, on the inside, to close the artery. I held on until the ambulance came, and then they put on a twister. Wings was white and faint, and his voice was weak. Only, when the twenty-one planes went over in formation, he looked up at them, and his eyes was like always when he was thinking of flying. "Look!" he says "Look at those fellows fly!"

The planes had the American flag painted on their tail surfaces, and it was the bunch from Selfridge and no mistake. Tony Quinzani picked up the back end of the stretcher Wings was lying on, and the ambulance fellow had the front end.

The ambulance fellow never looked at the planes at all. He wasn't interested in anything. He was a cold cucumber. He said: "He's going to need some blood—a lot of blood. He's lost enough to kill an ordinary man."

"Look at 'em!" Wings said, his eyes kind of dimming as he watched the planes.

They was a long ways away, but you could see them, and see the sun on their wings once in a while. They was doing some kind of crazy thing—the planes was.

"Look at 'em!" Wings said, his eyes kind of dimming as he watched the planes. They was doing some kind of crazy thing—the planes was.

"Hey, Stender," Wings said, "know what that is that they're doing now? It's the squirrel cage!"

"He's nuts," Izzy Rubenkatz said—"talkin' about squirrels!"

Izzy was white as a ghost, and Tom LaVerne's eyes was off somewhere. His eyes was followin' the planes in this stunt that Wings called squirrel cage. Tom began swearing, and then all of a sudden he run up beside the stretcher and bent over Wings an' yelled: "By crimminy! If I could decoy one for you, Wings—if there was only some way I could decoy one of them things down close—I would shoot it down for you—if I had a shotgun—and I would give it to you, kid, see?"

But Wings had passed out. They got him in the ambulance, and they burned up the road for the hospital.

Old man Langley himself drove me an' Paddy an' Izzy an' Tony an' Tom LaVerne out to the hospital that night for blood transfusions. They was testing mine to see would it be the right kind, when I heard a fight start out in the corridor. It was Paddy Moriarty. His forehead was bandaged, an' he was ravin' mad. He had two orderlies, a neck in each hand, an' he was bangin' their heads together. I limped over and got an arm lock on Paddy.

"So what's wrong with my blood?" Paddy explains he has asked the docs. All the time he is trying to reach one with his brogan. But I've got a good hold on him.

"They say my blood ain't the right kind!" Paddy yells. "Pure Irish, it is! An' they say it's no good!"

"It's the wrong type," one of the orderlies explained, rubbing his bruised head. "Your blood might kill him."

Paddy was off in a new tantrum. "Tony Quinzani give a pint!" he squealed. "An Eyetalian! An' Tom LaVerne give some—a Frenchy! An' they won't take straight Irish! Leave me at them, till I finish them off!"

BIG Stender ceased his narrative abruptly. He backed away from the head housing of the shaft where we were standing. He looked up at the searchlights, playing across the sky. "Listen," Stender said, pressing his hand against me. "Listen."

We heard the distant drone of an airplane motor but could see no plane.

"It's Jackson," Stender said—"takin' off for Moscow. Well, I suppose the guy will wind up in a swamp somewhere. But I don't give a hoot—if Wings Blue's over there getting a kick out of it."

We never did see the plane or even its wing lights, but the motor made the sky wince. After the sound died out to nothing, Stender took out his watch and tipped it to catch the light from the bulb partway down the shaft. His whole tone changed. The hard edge drifted out of his voice, and he sounded apologetic, even beseeching. "Say, it's half past eleven," he said to me, "an' my wife is coming in from Mount Clemens on the twelve o'clock traction. So look, you got nothing to do, have you, kid?"

"Me? No—nothing special, Stender."

"Well, you go an' meet that traction. She's a little fat woman. You won't have no trouble reco'nizing her, kid. You tell her I'm called out of town to make some test holes for a new job, see?"

"Why don't I tell her you're night-watching in place of Wings?" I asked.

Stender shook his head and his face wrinkled again in that villainous way it had. "She don't believe that no more. She used to, but she thinks—you know women, kid—she thinks I do it too often, see?"

"Sure," I said, and walked over to the shanty where my car was parked.

I got in and switched on the lights. Stender came over and leaned against the door beside me. "I'll take three thousand twenty-inch crock," he said. "I'll leave you know where an' when to deliver 'em, see?"

"Sure," I said. "So long, Stender."

"So long," he said. "I hope you get to be a schoolteacher some day, like you want to be."

THE END

The Wild Oats of DON AMECHE

A candid, challenging story of self-conquest—How a popular idol triumphed over his past

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A recent picture of Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche at Hollywood's smart Trocadero.

OUT the front entrance of a roadside bar walk a boy and a girl. They walk pretty well, considering they have each had six daiquiris on seventeen-year-old stomachs. They are merry. They have been doing the latest atavistic dance to records by Benny Goodman. It is early—only twelve o'clock.

They get into a bright-painted roadster and drive back to town, eluding two speed cops. The arrival home may be delayed by an excursion into a tree-lined lane washed white by the moon and conducive to the kind of love daiquiris inspire. There will probably not be a motor accident, since the boy is an excellent driver and the roads are fairly clear.

You know this is a typical evening out for about forty per cent of American youth. You've been told it in the countless articles that national newspapers and magazines—Liberty included—have published. With the information, you have heard the persistent editorial sigh: "What is this generation coming to? What can civic authorities and parents do about it?"

It has been the same story, as a matter of fact, at spasmodic intervals since the early 1920s—ever since the postwar "lost generation" first started batting around and F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote This Side of Paradise. They were called "Flaming Youth" then, and they are labeled "Present Social Problem" now, but the things they did, and do, are the same essentially. Too much liquor, needled and raw, in 1925; capped with government stamps in 1938; free love; too intense an interest in sophistication as an end in itself.

Very well, what is this generation coming to? What has the Flaming Youth of the Jazz Age, so like your sons and daughters of today, come to? They are around you, in your town, on your street.

We will take one boy, twenty-nine this year, who was in his teens when the Jazz Age struck and who rode it fearlessly, who drank its bad liquor and imbued himself with its new cockeyed careless philosophy and experimented at a tender age with harsh, untender things. We will take Don Ameche, who admits to these things in detached discussion of himself, and dissect him on paper, searching for causes and effects.

DON was born in 1908, the first son of a moderately well-off saloonkeeper named Felix Ameche. The family was of Italian descent, and they were good Catholics; when the vital young Dominic proved too difficult, they packed him off to St. Berchman's, a parochial boarding school in Marion, Iowa.

St. Berchman's nuns weren't outstandingly successful in curbing his spirits. His eager intelligence made learning easy for him, and his restless energy caused him to spend his leisure time breaking every school rule and inventing new ones to break. But when, a few months before graduation, the sisters foregathered triumphantly to kick him out, they couldn't. Don was in every honor and medal group in the school, he ran the orchestra and the football team; if there was no Don, there were no Commencement exercises.

Thus he entered high school shortly after the war with a cocky insouciance born of the knowledge that he had got away with everything but murder all his life, and probably could continue to do so. He was not a bad boy; the basic decencies were inherent in him. But he possessed an eager curiosity, a daring vitality. He was precocious. He was ready for anything.

He was the Jazz Age starting.

A priest introduced Don, at thirteen, to a young girl named Honoré Pandergast. The boy fell wholeheartedly in love with her—you may call it puppy love, as her parents and observing friends did, but you will be as wrong as they were—and during the next four years the two kids grew out of childhood together. It was a period for Don of playing football, of drinking sodas with Honoré at a corner drugstore, of the Charleston, of tea dances in his first pair of long pants, of the first snort of bootleg bourbon from a precocious friend's flask, of first sex discovery, of many first things. . . . Some of them were confusing, a little bewildering—but it wasn't fashionable to be frightened at them.

Don Ameche had discovered early that disillusionment was an unhappy thing but that it had a cure: laughter. So that when it was 1925 quite suddenly, and he was eighteen, he was unabashed. He said good-by to Honoré and went storming off to Marquette University. A cynical registrar wrote him down as law student, and Don signed the correct blanks, and that was the extent of his interest in law.

In that town in that era there was no time to attend class or pursue the fulsome grind of study. There were too many other things to do. There was football practice and the games. There was a lot of heavy drinking to get in. There were girls, coeds in the early Katharine Brush manner: hennaed or bleached, fashionably flat-chested and slim-hipped.

He shared a room with four other fellows, and in it, while textbooks gathered dust, he made gin by mixing alcohol with juniper juice; he played poker, averaging forty dollars a week; he slept heavily. Each day by noon he was awake, unhappily so, and each afternoon by six he was happily half asleep, his stomach warmly glowing with the liquid beginning of another bender.

For the next few years Don Ameche, typically of his generation, lived in this way. Each fall, before final exams, he resigned from the university on advisement, went home to Kenosha, went on the wagon, went to work and to church. These were mental breathing spells, during which he faced himself honestly, didn't like what he saw, promised repentance and regeneration. The first summer he promised himself and his God that he was done with liquor and rousting round forever. Then he went to Georgetown, D. C., drank more than ever. The next summer he promised that he would not drink quite so much; be a gentleman about things. He went back to Wisconsin then; found half a promise easier to break than a whole promise. The following summer he made no vows at all, because he was in New York, it was 1929 and, amazingly, he was on the stage. A stock company at the university had picked him up.

There was a period of about a year in which he was good because he was broke. Then came a play in Chicago, a good salary, a reunion with Honoré. New York once more, a Texas Guinan show, a break in radio—and Chicago again, and more night life. Periodically the pace caught up with him physically; then he would go back to St. Berchman's for a little reflection in the chapel there, give up drinking for a month or two, recuperate.

It was during one of these times that he married Honoré.

Don at twelve, captain of his basketball team.

His critics settled smugly back then and uttered gloomy predictions. Here was a test. How could a marriage last when a Jazz Age boy and a Jazz Age girl formed the couple? Why, the fool kids had had only a couple of hundred dollars to their names on their wedding day and they had spent it, grandly, on a fur coat. Then, when Don had signed contracts with various radio stations and had more money, they'd taken a fourteen-room house with almost no furniture in it; they'd saved a little cash and blown it at once on a trip to Bermuda.

It was whispered that Honoré never had any idea when breakfast or dinner would be, nor did she care, and that, what is more, she was in the habit of dashing out at four o'clock in the morning—any morning—to meet Don for poker parties. Surely people who took life and love and the solemn state of matrimony so lightly, who laughed so much, must come to inevitable grief.

But the Ameches had between them the requisite formula for success together. They had a deep sincere love for each other, kept gloriously alive by the glamour of the things they did, by their vital physical need for each other. They had a mutual Catholic heritage. They had each an unbounded respect for the other's individuality, a thing the Jazz Age had taught them. They had hope and desire for children; and they had the children, two of them, born recklessly close together.

When Don went to Hollywood in 1933, under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, he had not changed essentially. His personal devil still rode his shoulders, but that gave him his charm. He *had* adjusted to certain things. For nineteen months he had stayed on the wagon, just to prove to himself he could, and that was a victory safely stowed away in his subconsciousness. But when he saw at firsthand the famous temptations of wicked Hollywood, he had to laugh. After New York, after Chicago—after college, for that matter—Hollywood was a kindergarten.

You must not draw the conclusion that Don took the Jazz Age with him wherever he went as he grew older. He changed with the times, riding always the crest of those times. Fitting accomplishments he retained, discarding those which were dated or which had proved unworthy of his bigness. Somehow his vitality, his charm, his insouciant personality got on to the screen, as it had earlier got into the ether waves. You know the story of his resultant success in motion pictures.

Today Don Ameche's fan mail is second to Sonja Henie's at his studio. His salary is prodigious, his contract ironclad, his annuities are paid up. Thus his professional achievement, this Flaming Youth.

Today Don Ameche's marriage is more secure than ever, without having lost one whit of the gaiety and faithful love on which it is built. Don, having known a number of different women, understood what he wanted in a lifelong companion when he chose Honoré—and he was able to recognize those qualities. They are building a new home in the valley. It will be a madhouse, with no time schedules, and it will resound often with parties; but, unlike many other Hollywood homes, its hearth will be honest, its fires warm, the happiness of its occupants lasting. Thus the sex adjustment of this Flaming Youth.

Today Don Ameche is one of the most beloved members of the picture colony. He is sincerely friendly, completely charming; he helps the unfortunate without bragging of it, he dances and parties in the company of the rich because they bid him to, and he is at ease there. Thus his social evolution.

In the things he has done he has not once been unfaithful to his God nor to himself. He attends church faithfully, he is solemnly religious, and his household is blessed. Thus Ameche, member of the " lost generation," and morals.

TO the youth of today, then, this conclusion—of cheer and good hope:

Your parents and your ministers and your teachers and your reactionary observers do not, on the whole, approve of you. They consider your amorality, immorality; your interest in sophisticated things an unhealthy occupation for young minds.

They forget that by advanced teaching methods, by radio and uncensored books and motion pictures and newspapers, they themselves have forced worldly ideas upon your minds.

Socially and economically you are doing the right thing. You have been educated to high standards of living, therefore you must have them; to get them, in hard and bitterly competitive times, you must beat your fellow to the punch; to do that you must know more than he at an earlier age; you must grow up quickly.

Your illusions must die when you are fifteen instead of when you are twenty-two, else some one else will sneak your job while you daydream.

Physically you are doing the right thing. You have an interest in sports, in personal fitness.

The liquor that you are drinking is bad for you, but it is probably better that you learn how to handle it now than to discover it later and go overboard. Amazingly, after a couple of very bibulous years, you are learning that drinking casually and socially is more fun than terrific and repeated benders; you are showing a liking for beer, which is comparatively innocuous.

So far as sex is concerned, you are taking care of yourselves and having fun, which is good for the spirit.

Psychologically you are going to be all right. You are being hurt, but mental and spiritual scars heal much more quickly when you are very young, as do physical scars.

You are not really being disillusioned at a great rate, or dangerously, because frankly you never had as many illusions as earlier generations did.

As a silencer to those who shout that in return for these advantages the youth of today must become hardened and spiritually wasted: consider that the sooner illusion and bigotry and ignorance are tossed aside, the earlier in life any normal person will be forced to substitute other, genuine, lasting values.

In the final analysis, any deathblows the life of today will deal to youth must come to the weak, the dogmatic, the slow-thinking, the unadventurous, the antisocial, the narrow-minded.

They are being weeded out, leaving as survivors the Don Ameches, the Tyrone Powers. It is these latter who interest us. Undoubtedly the WPA will worry about the others.

THE END

ARK OF THE JUNGLE

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THROUGH the long somnolent forenoon in a hothouse heat of 110 degrees, Ai the sloth hung, back down and motionless, from the limb of a giant cecropia tree that grew by the river bank in the jungle. Whether she slept or not, none could say. Her small lusterless eyes, set deep in her blunt, maned, earless head, were partly open, but that meant nothing, for she was practically blind anyway. A little over two feet in length and covered with coarse stringy hair that looked like dried grass, she seemed more a vegetable than an animal growth. Hitting her best pace, she moved so slowly that the moss actually found anchor in the long coarse fur of her back.

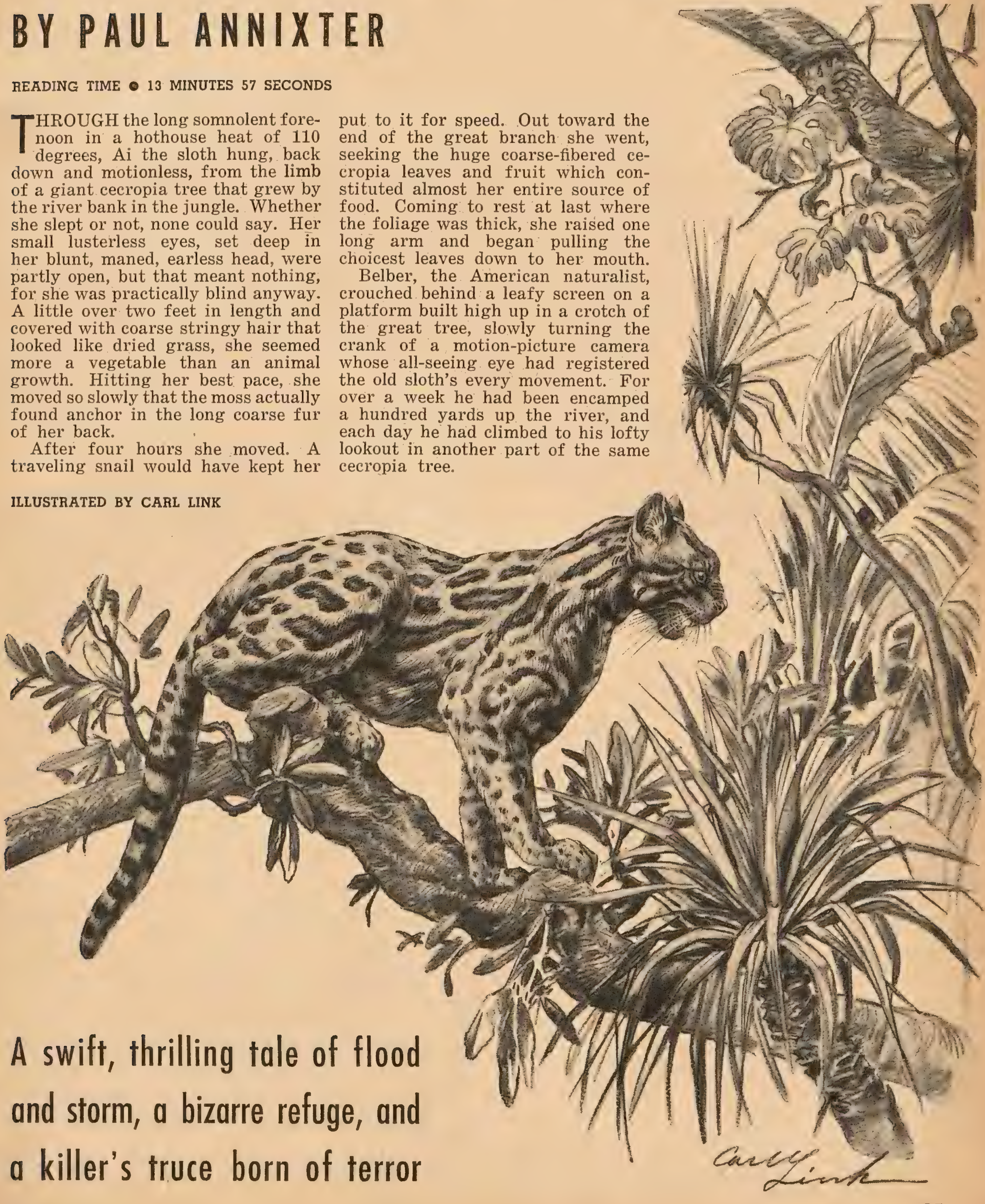
After four hours she moved. A traveling snail would have kept her put to it for speed. Out toward the end of the great branch she went, seeking the huge coarse-fibered cecropia leaves and fruit which constituted almost her entire source of food. Coming to rest at last where the foliage was thick, she raised one long arm and began pulling the choicest leaves down to her mouth.

Belber, the American naturalist, crouched behind a leafy screen on a platform built high up in a crotch of the great tree, slowly turning the crank of a motion-picture camera whose all-seeing eye had registered the old sloth's every movement. For over a week he had been encamped a hundred yards up the river, and each day he had climbed to his lofty lookout in another part of the same cecropia tree.

Photography was Belber's hobby and passion, and so intrigued had he become with this jungle sequence that he had overstayed his time, disregarding numerous sign warnings of the advent of the rainy season.

The old sloth had not been feeding long when her movements attracted the attention of a family of six howling monkeys who had been drowsing amid a labyrinth of twisted and

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK



A swift, thrilling tale of flood and storm, a bizarre refuge, and a killer's truce born of terror

matted lianas higher up in the tree. The three younger apes descended a bush rope and began the game of which they never tired. Swinging on a liana close to the old sloth, they showered her with twigs and sticks and tweaked her tail and back hair. Once she uttered a petulant wailing cry, strange and unanimal-like. And once one of the simians came too close and got a tear along his red-haired thigh from one of the sloth's long meathook claws.

An ocelot, that beautifully dappled tree cat of the Amazon country, had been sleeping in the crotch of a near-by tree when the monkey chatter caught his ear. He stretched himself, his five-foot body draped over the branch like a black-and-yellow rug; then he came gliding from branch to overlapping branch, intent upon surprising one of the monkeys for a meal.

The big red-maned leader of the howlers saw him first, grunted a subdued signal, and the entire family of apes went swinging away through the green. But the ocelot's quick eye had already fallen upon the hanging sloth, and down through the foliage he came flowing until he crouched on the limb directly above her.

Reaching down, the killer delivered three thudding strokes with his taloned forepaw—strokes that would have sent any other creature of similar size crashing to death a hundred feet below. But that hide of Ai's was a thing to talk about. Incredibly loose and thick it was, composed of two coats of hair, the outer long and coarse, the inner short-napped. Try as he would, the ocelot could neither inflict serious wounds nor loosen the clutch of her twelve hooked claws.

Gripping the bark with his hind claws, the big cat slashed and tore at the silent hanging creature. The sloth moved slowly out toward the end of the great branch. As the limb began to dip precariously, the ocelot's pale eyes searched the surrounding limbs for some safer point of attack. Finding none, his nerve failed him. Swearing softly beneath his whiskers, he took himself swiftly off.

The sloth continued her feeding until the fierce sunlight of midday smote through a break in the forest roof and made her seek the shade.

A big red coatimondi, a bloodthirsty raccoon-like killer of the upper jungle, had gazed hungrily upon the sloth many times in his hunting rounds. From his lookout in a near-by tree he saw her trundling in toward the tree trunk. Swiftly he slipped down the tree trunk head first. His two-foot body was heavy and bearlike, his head and claws resembled those of a fierce oversize raccoon, and his long banded tail was prehensile.

WITH a sudden rush he alighted directly over the sloth. Hissing like a goose, his long sinister head shot downward, his curved snaky jaws closing upon the sloth's throat. Turning loosely within her hide, she pulled away and left the killer with but a mouthful of fur.

The coatimondi's rage was such that he flung himself bodily upon the sloth, ripping and slashing at her head and neck. She fell headlong, an inert brown mass of fur, into the vault of shadows beneath. The coatimondi took off from her pitching body like the perfect acrobat he was, and twenty feet down caught an aerial root, swung to another, and thence to the tree trunk.

The sloth fell thirty feet sheer before a network of vines and creepers broke her descent and her trenchant claws found purchase on a liana and held. For a space the coatimondi lay at full length upon a branch above, watching his prey. Then he came swarming downward.

As he alighted upon a certain thick creeper, he vented a sudden maniacal hiss, double-bucked in mid-air, hurling himself back toward the branch he had just quitted. He missed his hold in panic—a rare thing for such as he—and clutched at the creeper again farther down. Next instant he was blotted out of existence, for that particular giant creeper was a tree boa who had been lying in wait all morning with an eye on our sloth. However, a coatimondi answered his purpose just as well.

Ai the sloth was too busy regaining a proper toe hold below to note that grim and timely tragedy above her, even if her myopic eyes could have seen that far. After a considerable wait she lifted a forepaw and felt about blindly for some vegetation. She fed for a time, then, tucking her head between her forelegs, humped her back and went to sleep.

It was afternoon now. The heat had become stifling. Belber, after cautiously stretching his cramped muscles, busied himself winding one of his precious rolls of film. His eye was suddenly caught by a small dun cloud up in the burning blue above the distant mountains whose flanks rose out of the surging sea of jungle to eastward. No bigger than a kerchief it was at first, swirling in high eddies of wind. But as it swirled it darkened and spread like spilled oil on water. Within twenty minutes it covered half the sky and the white-hot sun was dimmed.

Before Belber reached camp the rain began, pounding like a thousand kettledrums upon the forest roof, accompanied by peals of thunder. A sudden wind arose, lashing all the trees to frenzy. He snatched up the waterproof box that contained his precious rolls of film, and looked for the path that led toward the Indian village. It was gone, completely inundated. The river, half an hour before a tranquil tea-green flood, foamed and snarled and reached long arms into the jungle. With his box of films under his arm he plunged back to the tree he had just quitted. It was the best thing to do.

THE rain had almost stopped now, but crepitant sucking and straining noises came from the jungle round about. Crouching like some jungle creature on his high platform, Belber felt presently a faint tremor telegraphed up the two-hundred-foot bole of the great cecropia. It was a shiver as of fear, and the man felt it run up his own arms and legs and through his body.

A few minutes later there sounded in the wet dimness below a faint snap, as if some one had broken a stick. Then movement could be heard in different parts of the tree, not unlike the stirring of dwellers in a tenement house. A pair of toucans far up in their penthouse were commenting in faint undervoice. A green lizard emerged from a crevice in the bark. Faint grunts of trepidation rose from the family of howlers.

For about ten minutes thereafter the swirling flood below was busy with a myriad unseen fingers around and under the buttressed roots of the tree. For more than half a century it had been weakening from age, damp rot, ants, and the elements; its once iron heart had turned to pulp. But Belber did not dream the end was near until the thing happened, though he did remove his belt and strap his box of films to a branch.

Abruptly the two-hundred-foot crown of the monarch leaned slightly toward the river. Then grandly, deliberately, it careened and began to fall. Minutes seemed to pass. Then a fusillade of mighty snappings from breaking lianas and overwrought fibers at the giant's base, and the roar of the final descent. The thunder of the crash itself was like a submarine explosion. Geysers of water were flung up by its plunge into the river.

The toucans screamed and planed away into the forest. They alone escaped the crash. The gibbering of the monkeys dwindled to a wail that was wiped out by the fall.

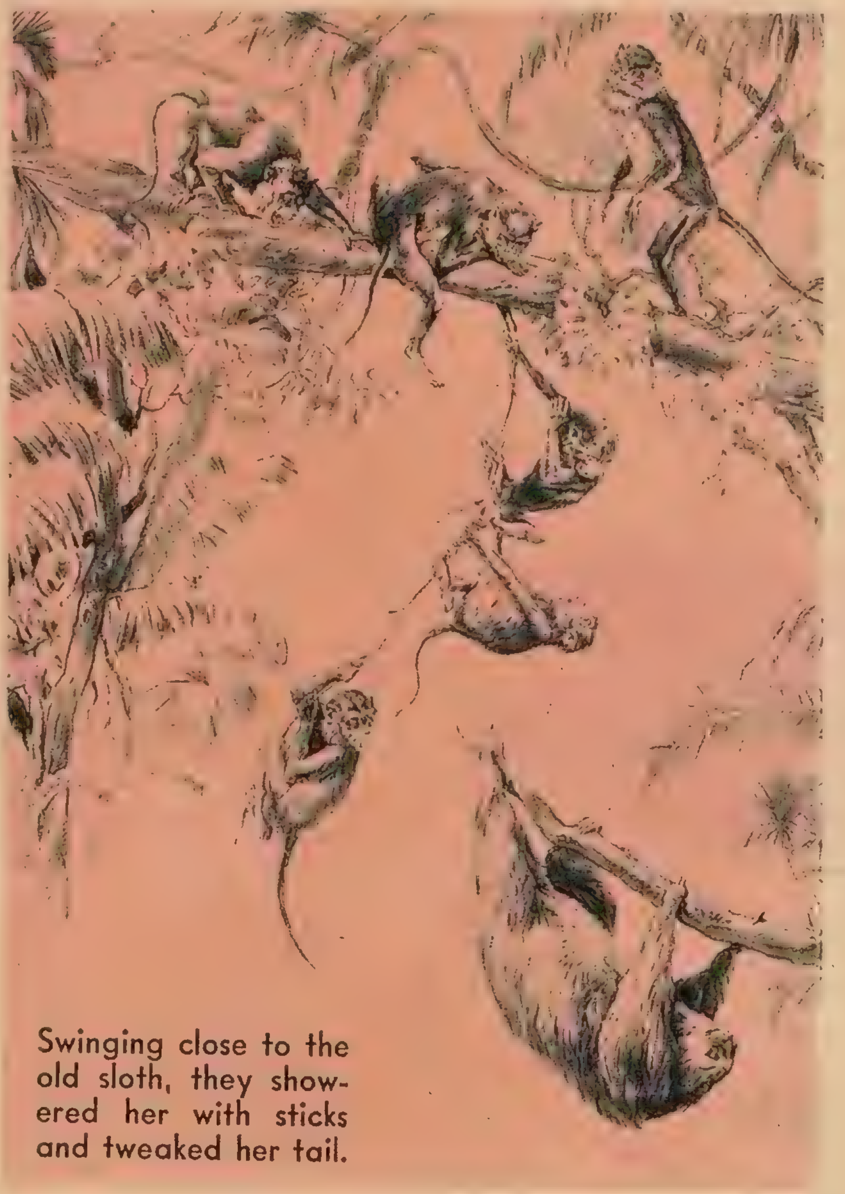
The concussion of the crash broke Belber's hold. The snarling waters took him to them, plunged him deep and spewed him up some twenty feet downstream. One of the howling monkeys came up beside him, tried to board him, taking him for a log, no doubt, and shrieked with horror when he moved.

He struck out for the main trunk of the tree, which loomed faintly a few yards away through the gathering dusk. As he clambered up on a great branch, Ai the sloth emerged from the water close by. Surprisingly enough, she could swim well. She struck out, seized the branch with her long claw hooks and clambered heavily aboard.

The tree was being sucked out into midstream. Presently, its trunk revolving precariously at intervals as it dragged in the shallows or passed through rapids, it attained a speed of some five miles an hour. Out of a hole near the crown swarmed a colony of white ants and a cavalcade of black beetles that had lived within the tree. Poisonous spiders came scrambling up to the higher branches, and on the limb below Belber innumerable infinitesimal insects of the red-hot boring-tick persuasion swarmed out of the bark, driving a small green tree snake before them.

The six howling monkeys, clustered together on a big branch, leaned far downward and made horrible insulting faces at the foaming flood, loosing fresh jabbering and gymnastics as their branch dipped and swayed in the flood.

Presently out of the foliage emerged an amazing beast called the tamandua, or lesser anteater. About two feet long he was, with a shapeless elongated body of sandy yellow, a head that was nothing but a flexible proboscis with a toothless mouth at the end of it, long sickle claws in place of feet, and a thick prehensile tail. A distant cousin of Ai the sloth he was, and the better part of his life he had spent in the topmost branches of the great tree. He followed slowly in the wake of the insects, lapping them up with his long viscous tongue. Then, amid the shadows hard by, he glimpsed the coils of the tree boa stirring like a boiling solder pot, and scuttled back to his leafy hiding place.



Swinging close to the old sloth, they showered her with sticks and tweaked her tail.

It was with no less trepidation that Belber eyed this latter passenger—the same that had dispatched the coatimondi. Of all those aboard, Ai the sloth showed no concern of any kind. She had clambered out on a high upflung root at the great tree's base, and there she hung herself up and to all appearance went to sleep.

Once the tree grounded temporarily on what once had been an islet and was now awash, and took on two more passengers—a jaguarondi, which is a demonish black jungle cat that looks like a weasel, and a South American opossum. Both clambered desperately aboard, treading unheeding and unheeded upon the parti-colored coils of the tree boa. The opossum sought the nearest branch and hung himself up by the tail. The jaguarondi took his place in a high crotch near the tree's crown, his dripping flank actually pressing against the anteater, a beast he would ordinarily have killed with one swift throat hold. Two of the howling monkeys sat hunched up three feet from the broad blunt head of the tree boa, whose chief abandon was monkey meat.

Overside several rough grayish logs were floating, keeping pace with the moving tree. They were crocodiles. Every now and then one of them would rear as if minded to board the craft. In stark dread, all passengers who could sought the highest branches, only to encounter fresh torment from the swarming insects.

Now night was adding itself to other evils—the weirdest night Belber had ever known. Morning broke at last, and in the first faint light he saw all the passengers of the floating tree in exactly the same positions they had been when darkness fell. Undoubtedly all had experienced fears similar to his own, and a surge of brotherly feeling for them welled up in the man's breast.

The river had broadened out like a lake. The sun bored through tattered clouds. Now the eyes of the beasts turned with sudden suspicion upon each other. Finally the tree boa began to flow forward along the trunk with slow purposefulness, his objective being one of the howlers. The entire ship's company retreated before him. The howlers fled into the slimmest branches—the jaguarondi was already there. The boa essayed to follow, but as he was no featherweight, the bough bent, the entire tree canted and rolled over, dousing all on board. Most of them, including Belber, were hurled into the flood, and several had a desperate swim before they overtook the tree again. One of the howlers was drawn under by a crocodile. The rest were a chastened lot, even the tree boa, and the armistice was on again.

The breeze that had risen was stiffening momentarily. The leafy upthrust branches caught it like sails, so that the whole tree took to rolling and canting abominably. The outflowing current was sweeping the great tree straight out to sea, and by the time the sun was well up it was fully a mile from shore. To those creatures who never before had been out of the jungle's green and vaulted gloom, the empty expanse of sky and heaving water was horrifying. Sea jackals of unguessed size and shape gathered about the floating tree.

The fully risen sun, that midforenoon, looked down upon the strangest scene in natural history since Father Noah set forth in his Biblical ark. The whole of the ill-assorted crew had now sought the biggest and highest branches, to be out of reach of shipping seas, and there they clung and twined together, regardless of kind or kidney.

The jaguarondi was pressed close between two of the howlers, who clutched his fur and wailed at each of the tree's abysmal plunges, yet never apes were safer from fang or claw. For that jaguarondi had a feline horror of water. Once he went crazy and leaped overboard to end it all, but Belber, prompted by a weird fellowship, jerked him aboard again by his scut of a tail, chilled and chastened.

The boa was beyond all fearing now. Salt water was torment to his fine moist skin. His eyes had gone dead as ground glass. The ants had fallen upon him.

Ai the sloth hung in her original place on the arching root. Beset by death and danger all her life, she was burning up no tissue over this vague conjectural business of floating with the tides. About noon that day she became the mother of a furry mite of life which an hour later lifted its white-spectacled face from the hanging basket of his mother's inverted body and tried to climb up his mother's leg. Belber watched that birth with a weird fascination. The immeasurable pertinacity of the old sloth gave the man heart and hope throughout the thirst-mad day and night that followed.

So it was that late on the third afternoon, when a gray sailing ship came floating toward them across the water, the rescuing sailors thought Belber touched by the sun at his concern over his fellow passengers. A seasick sorry lot of skeletons they were, but they were all there, all alive, except the tree boa, who had long since gone to feed the fishes. Belber cried a bit, in the shocking, shameless way of a man, for it was really much more than the sun that had gotten into him. He insisted that every creature on the floating tree be taken aboard ship.

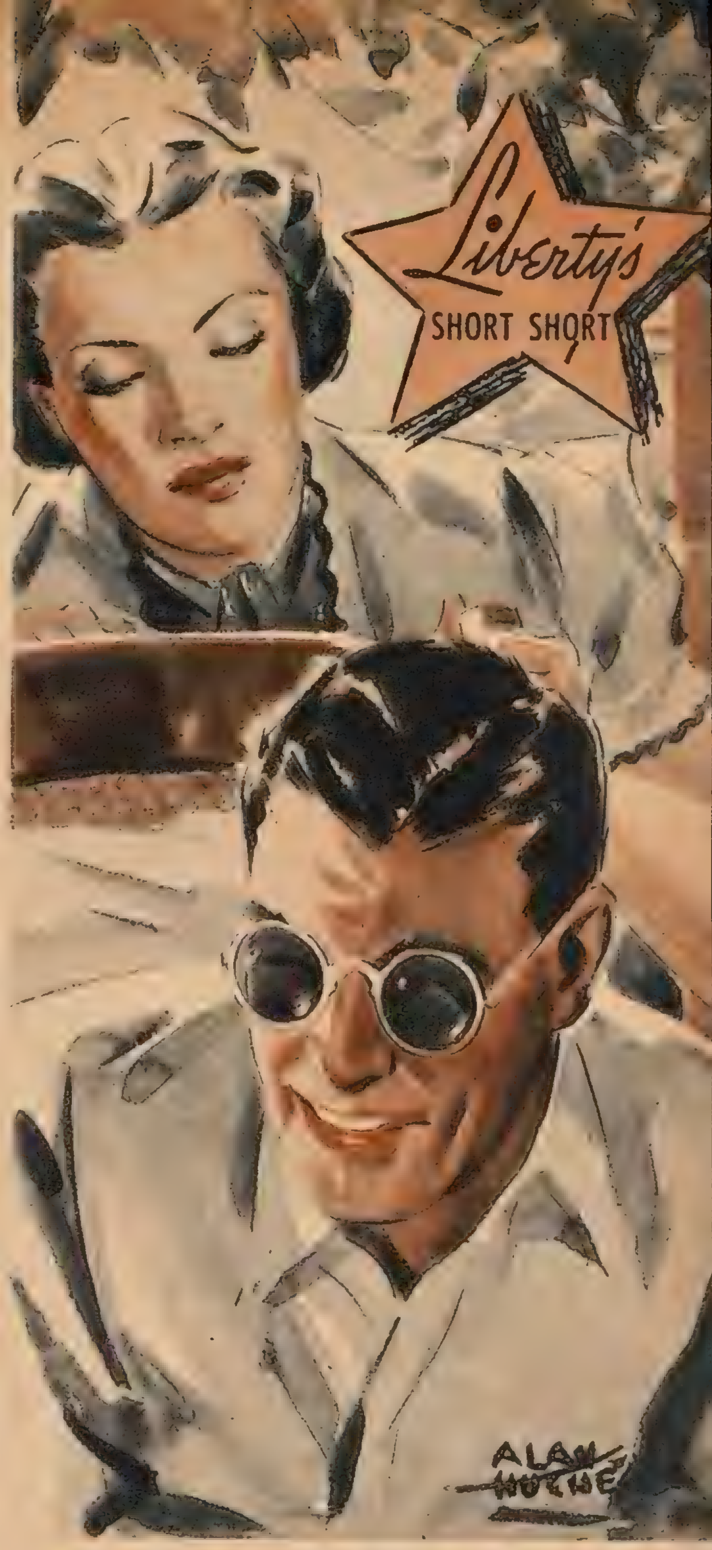
The jaguarondi, the anteater, the opossum, and all the howlers were returned in time to their native jungle. Ai the sloth and her little one went to live in the Bronx Zoological Gardens in New York City, safe, for the first time in their lives.

THE END

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

COURAGE

BY ROBERTA LESLIE



THEY told him that he would see. They promised him that, and then they left the room to leave him alone with his joy. Michael lay back among his pillows. The blood raced through his veins to his pounding heart.

To see Kate's face. What would freckles look like? She had said there were freckles on her nose, but he couldn't feel them. Would Dr. Jaynes' face match his kindly voice? He wished suddenly, passionately, that his mother had lived. He didn't remember his father at all, but his mother would have rejoiced with him at this miracle.

"You will see! You will see!" sang his heart.

Dr. Jaynes stepped back. His eyes met those of Nurse Kate Collins. His voice came muffled through the mask:

"That's all, I think. We've done our part. And his magnificent courage has done its part. Now we'll let nature take a hand."

Two weeks later, Michael felt the last of the light gauze bandage unwound from his eyes. Kate quickly put on the dark glasses, and he smiled up at her. He knew now what freckles looked like. He knew now that Kate's face would be forever before him, smiling and gay and beloved. These past weeks had been a wonderland of new impressions. He'd tried desperately to keep his sensitive fingers from their old task of touching everything. Dr. Jaynes had laughed at him when, that second day, his hands had gone out as soon as the bandage was removed to touch the doctor's glasses.

The small procession moved down the hall—Dr. Jaynes with watchful eyes on Michael, whose figure tensed with eagerness as they neared the door opening out on to the small roof garden; Kate with wheel chair, blanket, and pillow, her brown eyes tender. They settled him and left him. They took turns peeking through the small high window of the garden door.

"Kate," said Dr. Jaynes, "I can't put out of my mind that lad's courage. All these years of blindness without a whimper. And then, when his great chance came and there was some thought that sight might be only temporary, his brave 'Go ahead, doctor.' When he knew for sure that he could see permanently, to have to tell him that there could be no anesthesia during the operation, and his calm acceptance and fortitude. He's been magnificent all the way through this."

Nurse Collins nodded, shining-eyed. She tiptoed to look through the window again.

"I'll leave him there for about an hour, doctor," she said. "The sun will do him good. Then I'll bring him in to rest for another hour or so. You'll be around this afternoon?"

"Why, I don't believe it will be necessary, nurse. You know where to get me if you need me. I don't want Michael too excited over anything just at this time. So an hour of the garden now and another about four will be enough for today."

Michael looked as though he would never get enough of looking. He repeated in his mind the names of everything he saw. Flowers and bright noon sky, the brick walls around the garden, the small twisted tree in its weathered wooden tub. The sundial whose top he couldn't see from the low wheel chair.

Kate had talked for so many hours, trying to give him her eyes. He realized how good her descriptions had been. She had told him about everything with a fine regard for detail. He had instantly recognized the small wart on his own third finger. Dr. Jaynes' pointed beard, the candlewicking on his bedspread. But the garden was new adventure. She had never attempted to tell him about the curving beauty of the roses, the slender horns of the morning-glories, the stiff ballet skirts of the zinnias.

He closed his eyes for a moment. Even through the dark glasses the sun was bright.

His afternoon hour in the garden began quietly enough.

"I'll close my eyes," he had told Kate, "and you lead me over by the wall and leave me. I want to find my chair all by myself without thinking I've you or Dr. Jaynes to depend on."

Kate had humored him. He listened to her retreating footsteps.

When he heard the final clap of the closing garden door, he opened his eyes. He shut them quickly. What was it—there on the ground before him? He forced his trembling lids open again. It was still there, long and black like the darkness he had thought to leave behind. He pressed his hands tight against the wall at his back, and the thing moved. It stretched right up to his feet. He—why, he could step on it! He raised one foot and brought it down hard; but the thing remained.

The sweat poured down his face and he gave a smothered croak of horror. Like an avenging angel, Kate flew down the walk to his rescue. Until she had understood his fear, her own fright at his face had made her hands awkward at the door. When she had flung it open at last, he'd had more of a taste of terror than she would ever have allowed him.

Her hands on his shoulders, her dear familiar figure blotting out the thing, her quick soothing explanation, and her final pat of reassurance as she tucked him into bed quieted and comforted Michael. He was going to need a great deal of control in this world of eyes, and he held tight to the thought of Kate.

Nurse Collins smiled a little as she talked to Dr. Jaynes over the phone:

"No, he's quiet now. I gave him a sedative. He'll sleep. But none of us had ever thought to tell him. After all, he's not a child, but it was noon when he went out the first time. Doctor, I keep remembering your admiration for his courage—and he was afraid of his shadow!"

THE END

▼

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TUNE IN!

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WILL DUBINSKY UPSET LEWIS IN

The inside story of the rise of a master strategist and a history-making rebellion

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"ORGANIZED labor," said a shrewd and informed observer last spring, "has had during the past four years its greatest opening to power and glory in all American history. The federal administration stood behind it. Public opinion favored it. Even some of the important employers were changing their attitude. But its leaders are missing their opportunity. If they go on much longer with this factional squabble, it will be written that, with the field open for a touchdown, labor fumbled the ball."

Democracies have a way of overlooking the trees and seeing the woods far in advance of their leaders. And most of the inarticulate rank and file in the warring factions view with vague suspicion the new civil war between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Probably some of the leaders on both sides cherish the same feeling but are holding their peace through motives of policy.

However, there is one conspicuous exception. Last spring David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, spoke out in the roaring tones of labor. The C. I. O. and the A. F. of L., he said, were behaving like two gangs of quarrelsome boys. The C. I. O. had jumped the fence in order to organize the workers in mass-production industries, hitherto neglected by the parent body. It has accomplished its task, done its bit. Now both factions were turning the struggle for labor's rights into a civil war. Let them make peace. If they did not, he hinted, he might use his influence to withdraw his union from the C. I. O. The Ladies' Garment Workers was strong enough to go it alone. The older organization received this outburst in dignified silence; its turbulent offspring raged. But Dubinsky, at the date of writing, was still holding his union in a position of delicate balance, ready to jump one way or another, as the diplomacies of the situation dictate.

It was a daring and original act; but, say his followers, it was just like the magnetic, individual, and energetic Mr. Dubinsky. The crisis, it is indicated, will come by October.

He began springing the unexpected at the age of fourteen, when he went to work in his father's bakery at Lodz, Poland. Son of the boss though he was, he joined a union and was made assistant secretary. A few weeks later the men declared a strike. In those days of Czarist rule the authorities looked upon a strike as the little sister of revolution. When Dubinsky wrote to the police respectfully asking permission to hold a rally, assent came with suspicious promptness. As soon as the chairman called the assembly to order, police and soldiery descended upon them and arrested them all. Without trial, the officers and leaders were sentenced to exile at a camp in eastern Siberia. On account of his youth Dubinsky drew only five years. During a series of jail confinements on the creeping road to Siberia, he learned by grapevine telegraph that the authorities at Lodz had declared an amnesty and that he was theoretically free. He knew, however, that the news might never filter through the red tape of the old Russian bureaucracy. So, just before the convoy ended its journey, he slipped away, traveled alone through the wilderness to a frontier city, and got a job in a bakery.

A few months of this, and all alone he took the back track to Lodz and made his way across Asia and half of Europe. He reported at his father's house hungry but in good order. Although he was now a free boy, his family knew that with this early record he would grow up a marked man. So in 1911 they shipped him to America, where an older brother had a steady job in Brooklyn.

Here he became an apprentice cutter in a cloak factory. Also, he entered a night school in order to learn accounting and perfect his English—already he spoke Polish, Russian, classical Hebrew, Yiddish, and German. One night he stopped at a Socialist meeting on a street corner. The man announced to speak in Yiddish failed to appear. Whereupon the spirit moved young Dubinsky to mount the soapbox and pinch-hit. He made such a hit the Socialist Party gave him a job on the side as an orator at night meetings. That ended his schooling.

He took out his naturalization papers as soon as the law allowed. He bought a bicycle, became a shark at handball, married a needleworker, rose steadily in his union, and drank deep of the life of the New York East Side. Those were turbulent times for the Ladies' Garment Workers, then in process of fighting their way out of sweatshop conditions. This aggregation of unions is semi-industrial in character. Cutters, designers, finishers, needleworkers, and so on have their separate unions and locals, with varying wage schedules; but they combine for common action in the greater International. Gradually the Ladies' Garment Workers won higher wages, shorter hours, sanitary conditions, and developed through struggle into one of the tightest knit among American unions.

By the time he was thirty Dubinsky had become manager of his own subsidiary union, the cutters. He had already a reputation as a dependable, moderate leader, and a wizard with union finances. Then, as now, he presented to the world an attractive exterior—a short stalwart figure always in condition, a shock of blue-black hair on a massive head, a pair of electric brown eyes, lightening up the whole effect; a fine yet powerful face and the manner of a boy who is glad to be alive. Then, as now, when he spoke publicly in any of his six languages, he had the trick of making close reasoning attractive by an emotional pull in his voice.

The aftermath of the World War brought troubled times to the clothing district. Communism had broken out among the garment workers. The party of the hammer and sickle was trying to make this union the focus of its drive to control the whole American labor movement. Alongside the Ladies' Garment Workers and its twin in unionism, the Men's Garment Workers, grew up Communist unions that ate into membership and prestige. Worst of all, Communist officers gained control of many among the established locals. Dubinsky held his own in the cutters, where Communism got little hold. Morris Sigman and Benjamin Schlesinger, alternate presidents of the International, stood firm in opposition. Nevertheless, the Communist faction managed in 1927 to spring a general strike; and the moderates had to go along or seem to betray unionism. A long-drawn-out miserable affair, it ended in total defeat.

Probably Dubinsky and his faction were not wholly sorry. Some of them consider that this was the Waterloo of Communism in the United States. But while it drowned the fleas, it nearly swamped the Ladies' Garment Workers. Also, racketeering had broken out. Gorillas, now under indictment but then free and very prosperous, were looting the clothing district. The leaders of the Ladies' Garment Workers had to fight Com-

THE C·I·O·?

munism with one hand, racketeering with the other. Financial embarrassment followed. So in 1929 the International Ladies' Garment Workers made David Dubinsky its secretary-treasurer. Benjamin Schlesinger, the venerable president, fell ill and Dubinsky had to assume the entire management. Even in those discouraging circumstances, he straightened out the finances. When in 1932 Schlesinger died, Dubinsky succeeded him.

Then came the Roosevelt landslide and the NRA. Dubinsky, like John L. Lewis, saw the codes as an opportunity. With his customary originality, he sprang a brief and rather peaceable strike designed to shake out the last vestige of Communist influence. The International became the sole bargaining agency for labor; and Dubinsky found himself leader of more than a quarter million disciplined unionists.

When the Supreme Court killed the NRA, Dubinsky showed again his originality and enterprise. He saw the employers and arranged a purely voluntary code—an agreement as to fair practices not only between labor and management but between the employers themselves. Women's ready-made coats and suits bear now not the union label but the code label. Dubinsky, to this day, sometimes joins forces with the employers for the good of the whole trade. They say along Seventh Avenue that when a business has fallen sick, threatening bankruptcy and loss of employment, the doctors often call him into consultation.

Finally, when strikes, codes, and agreements reduced the terms of labor in this trade as low as thirty-five hours a week, Dubinsky took hold of the problem of leisure. He is himself a reader, a dabbler in philosophy, a passionate lover of good music, an addict of the theater. So he installed a "recreational and educational" program and policy, providing lectures and courses in history, economics, philosophy, and literature, musical clubs with orchestras, and bands, and, of course, dances and parties. Finally, the theatrical clubs produced in 1937 that lively amateur review Pins and Needles, which was an outstanding New York hit and is now touring the country.

FOR the rest, Dubinsky lives modestly with his wife and daughter in the Stuyvesant Square district of New York on a salary lower than that of most major union officials. By way of exercise, he still rides his bicycle in the parks and plays handball for cigars. About 1934 he came to believe that the Socialist Party was edging too near to the "cockeyed Communists." He bolted, joined hands with the New Deal, and was a Democratic Presidential elector in 1936.

When the C. I. O. broke loose—partially—from the A. F. of L., he went along, even though his own union is only semi-industrial. However, he believed with the other rebels that the parent body had neglected the duty of organizing the millions of workers in the machine industries such as steel, textile, and automobile. Observers said in the beginning that John L. Lewis was the driving force of the C. I. O., Philip Murray its manners, the leaders in Detroit its problem children, and Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky its brains. If so, one lobe of the brain went on strike in 1937. Shortly after the abortive conference looking to reconciliation with the A. F. of L., Dubinsky ceased to attend meetings of the Executive Committee in Washington. Although he held his tongue, his attitude became an open secret. He felt that the C. I. O. had accomplished its purpose. He believed that the prestige of the American Federation was too valuable to be thrown away. He resented the tendency toward what labor calls "dual unionism." His experience with the Communists in the clothing district made him especially sensitive on that point. He foresaw that situation which has become apparent in 1938—the salmon catch of the Northwest crimped, the lumber industry embarrassed, the shipping business in a quandary, squabbles of pickets before retail stores. And for what good, to labor or any other public interest? Merely the hollow triumph of a faction. Finally he seemed to feel that the C. I. O. bore the major responsibility for the collapse of peace negotiations.

David Dubinsky

When he expressed some of this in a public statement and hinted that the Ladies' Garment Workers might chuck the whole thing and go it alone, a few leaders of the C. I. O., major and minor, may have shared his opinions; but they were not in a position to take the rap. Openly they all professed to regard him with feelings varying from loathing to faint distaste, especially since his announcement came in the period when the politicians among them were engaged in the bitter—and losing—fight for a C. I. O. ticket in the Pennsylvania primaries.

It was timed embarrassingly in another respect. The C. I. O., like all the rest of us, was feeling the effects of a new slump in business. Lewis seems to have gambled on the impression that the rise of 1936-37 was a permanent and steady recovery, and expanded too fast. Among other things, he borrowed from the miners and Hillman's clothing workers, expecting probably to repay the debt from the contributions of new members. But the slump at the end of 1937 brought another season of unemployment and a consequent falling-off in dues.

When the hatters and milliners, about 40,000 strong, joined in Dubinsky's protest, the C. I. O. faced possible loss of assessments from nearly 300,000 members—highly paid men and women, on the average. The C. I. O. might then have passed into a mood to negotiate but for the fact that the A. F. of L., with the Pennsylvania affair in mind, seemed to go temporarily upstage.

So Dubinsky sits tight, dangling the whip. His executive committee has voted against leaving the C. I. O. for the present; but as to forming the union into a frank, self-contained rival of the A. F. of L., they announce menacingly that they will "retain liberty of action." The rival camp has expelled all the unions in the original C. I. O. except the Ladies' Garment Workers, which is only "suspended." It forms, in short, a bridge to reconciliation—which was probably Dubinsky's idea all along.

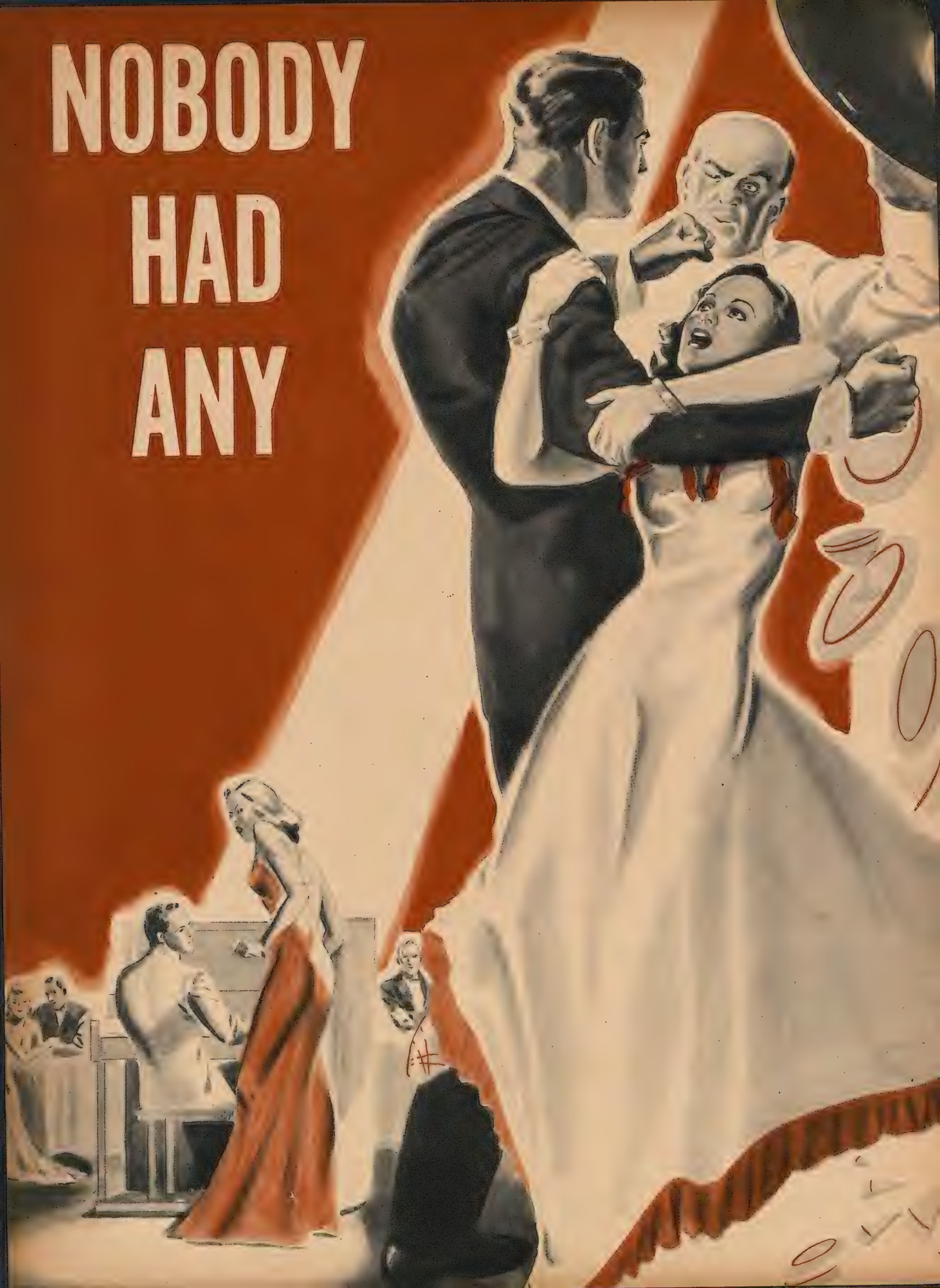
Of late, rumor has been carrying the details of a proposal concerning which leaders on both sides profess utter ignorance. It involves making the American Federation a kind of holding company, having power over larger policies, and with two subsidiary branches. One, the Committee on Industrial Organization, would have jurisdiction over the horizontal or industrial unions. The other, composing most of the present A. F. of L., would be called the Committee on Craft Organization.

Plain sailing so far, but the next step is more difficult. To prevent dual unionism, a mixed commission would assign to one branch or the other the unions in each individual shop or industry. This reassignment might stir up rows. In many instances it would involve the amalgamation of two existing unions; which means that one set of officers would lose their jobs. Skilled, highly paid craftsmen, such as machinists and carpenters, feel jittery over the prospect of membership in a horizontal union composed mostly of machine operatives who might reduce all wages to a common level. Final obstacle: the existing A. F. of L. opposes the creation of a labor party. The C. I. O., even to that rebel among rebels, Dubinsky, favors it. And yet the alternative is divided unionism fighting internally, wasting its own strength, wearing away public sympathy.

Since three quarters of his membership lives and works in New York, Dubinsky has had little fame or prestige in the rest of the country. Now events may be molding him into a national figure.

THE END

NOBODY HAD ANY



BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES OVERMAN

Romance! A gay story of a glamour-girl's adventures with the wrong young man

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

MILLA LANDIN put an unbelievably lovely chestnut curled head and one perfect shoulder cautiously outside the back-seat rug. She drew a long breath, the kind you take before tackling something necessary but beastly. She was about to apologize to Pringle Alanson, Third.

The lights of the Country Club and its sound of swing were gone. The air smelt of September burning and the car was going sixty on a strange wood road. She'd dropped off to sleep, waiting; that was plain. And Pring was taking out his temper, as usual, by driving like a bat out of hell. . . . Well, get it over.

"Pring!" she addressed the hunched raincoat at the wheel ahead.

No answer. . . . *Like* Pring. Well, as Venetia had said with an elder sister's sharpness, why fuss so much about what he was like? Milla said, "Pring!" again.

"What on earth's back there, pretending to be a bicycle bell?" demanded a voice three notes deeper than Pring's.

Milla said in a panic, "Hey! Stop the car!"

It stopped. She crawled from under the rug, stood out in the road and shook herself, and climbed back—into the front seat. She tightened her gold wrap round her. She said, "Take me back, please. Quick."

"Not to be done," said the driver. "Just time to get where I'm going." He looked at her in the driving glass, and she looked at him. Good shoulders, short-featured square sort of brown face, black brows, mouth too set to be lucky at this moment. "Why, you're Camilla Landin," he added, stepping on it. "You're the beauty. The one that broke off with Pring Alanson tonight in the middle of the Conga at the tops of your voices. What are you doing in what you thought was Pring's car?"

"Making it up," Milla owned with reluctance. "*Will* you turn the car round?"

"I told you no and I told you why. I'll set you down at the first station."

"At three? You crazy?"

"Trains run at three, beautiful dreamer."

She could walk home fifty miles, or she could take it. That was clear. He spoke again after a moment. "I'll say one thing. Even with that furious expression and your flower over one eye, little Pring's getting his eight millions' worth."

Milla said with a detachment equal to his own, "I know." She heard about it all the time; she always had. Skin like flushed velvet. Mouth like Myrna Loy's. Slim perfect figure. All that. It was quite true—and the reason why Pring wanted her and most other men didn't dare to. Venetia had rubbed *that* in when she was bullying her into making up with Pringle.

"You fool," she'd said in the ladies' room, after that final disgraceful scene in the very center of the avidly excited dance floor, pinning Milla in the corner, "you've *got* to make up with him."

Milla, flushed and slim in her strapless gold frock, said doggedly, "I told him, the time he raised Cain with the doorman at the top of his voice at the Stork Club, that next time would be the last!"

"Then you told him wrong. Here, listen. You've got too many guns for most men. You're not just pretty, like me; you're a raving beauty. It takes a man as conceited and rotten-rich as Pringle Alanson Third not to be scared of wanting you. You haven't a cent, and Bill and I haven't. And you were raised a pet, and you can't sing in night clubs and you aren't photogenic."

Venetia was, as usual, facing facts. "Suppose he *is* spoilt and temperamental? Suppose he *does* make a fool of himself at dances and night clubs? When he's married he'll get over it. If not, there's always divorce, and enough alimony to leave you set for life. You've *got* to, Mill. You've no money, I tell you, and no way to make any."

So finally Milla had caved in. She knew Pring. He'd go sulkily off alone in that wretched jalopy that was one of his whims. Taking his fiancée in it to the dance, just to prove how democratic or something he was, when he owned a half dozen super-cars! She'd hated that, too. But you couldn't mistake it for anything else, she'd thought, taking the easiest way to reunion by curling down under the rug on the back seat.

And, impossibly, there had been two decrepit open cars of exactly the same breed! And instead of Pring's petulant full-lipped handsome face, his weedy, swooningly tailored body, here was this square-shouldered obstinate stranger driving her to some horrible deserted railroad station.

She said, "How long before we get to a station?"

"About three miles. My name's Donald Keyes, by the way." She did not answer. He went on, rather apologetically, "Sorry to seem such a stubborn brute, but it's like this. My job begins tomorrow at nine. If I took you back I'd be out of a job, and I need it."

"What is it?"

"Coach and English master—Winton School for Boys. Other end of Connecticut."

"You don't look like a schoolmaster."

"I am, though, and a good one. What you miss is the neat business suit and the stern but comradely look in the eye. Only driving straight ahead will get me to my quarters in time for those. Not good for the young, of course, if I drifted in in topper and tails, still bat-eyed from low dissipation."

This didn't interest her. She reached for her bag, and did not find it. She said, "Slow up—I've got to climb over and get my bag."

He gave her an efficient hand. She dropped in a heap and groveled thoroughly for it.

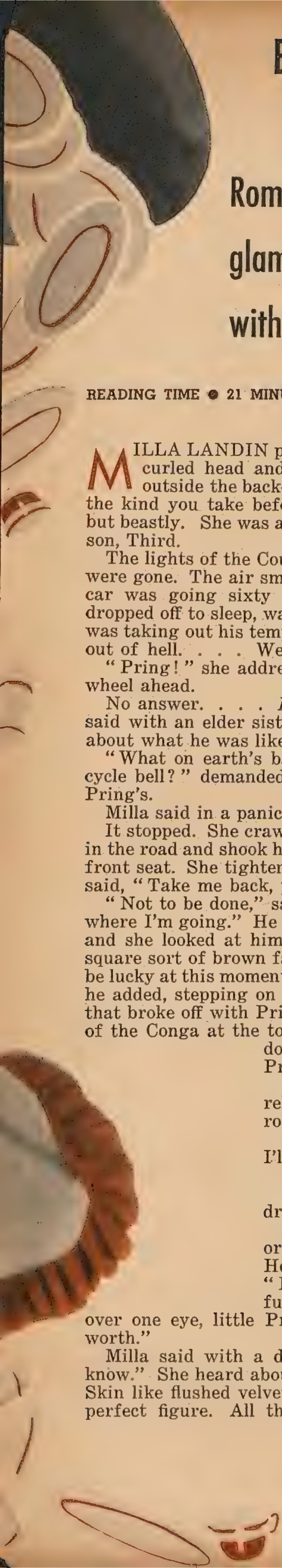
"*Oh* . . . I remember now. Venny said, 'Give me your bag while you powder . . .' I never thought about it again. Well, you'll just have to lend me carfare."

He slowed again; she scrambled back beside him. Donald Keyes said in horror, "I can't! I haven't got it."

"Nonsense. This isn't the moment for more spoofing."

He turned a worried face to her. It was a decent face enough, she thought, and her own horror mounted at the conviction that he was in earnest.

"On my honor, I haven't. The grand gesture. Dragging Caroline Brandt in a decent hired car—her little posy, my hotel overnight, gas, hat-check tip—I'm flat



He yelled and hit waiters and doormen. I tried to stop him.

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cleaned out. I figured on time to change at the school and to cash a check."

Milla moaned.

"Golly! If you'd come for Caroline in this awful beast, as Pring did for me—just to show I didn't love him for limousines—you'd have some!"

"Sure. Us poor guys can't. With Pringle it's just the sultan's whim. Like Pring."

"How do you know what's like him?"

Donald Keyes said leisurely, "I was head of games, year he came to St. Paul's. He's of course now nature's noblest work, but right then he was the yellowest fourteen-year-old that ever got what was coming to him."

"I don't like your nasty way of saying that. . . . What did he get?"

"A spanking—on the field—before the two teams. The doctor thanked me for it, believe it or not. Pringle didn't. This car's perhaps not so good for you to have made mistakes about."

"Oh, nonsense. He's twenty-five now, and St. Paul's was only one out of five schools that fired him. He's proud about it."

"The eye he rolled at me tonight didn't look too forgiving," Donald Keyes said cheerfully.

"Never mind Pring's disposition. What are we going to do? I suppose I'd better go on to school with you and you get me a check cashed."

He said, "Sorry to sound such a white-livered louse, but if I blew in at 9 A. M. with a superlatively beautiful creature in gold evening dress and no money, I might have to turn round and take you back as soon as our little checks were cashed. They're edgy about unmarried masters; had a scandal last year. I got this job over the dead bodies of a lot of the board on account of unusually swell testimonials. They wished me wedded."

MILLA lost her temper. "What do you propose I do? Spend the next two days walking back?"

"No. Wire your people reverse charges to wire you back money. There must be a telegraph place somewhere along the route that's open, or some all-night place with a telephone. I have thirty-seven cents. Stay in the town's station till morning; ladies' room couch. Get your money, buy a ticket, take the train home. I could pawn my watch, but the pawnshops wouldn't be open in any of these little towns."

Milla laid her head limply on the back of the seat. "All right."

"Lord," he said as if he couldn't help it, turning his head in the moonlight, "you *are* a beauty."

"Go on. So that's why Pringle wants me. I know."

"Well, that's why most men would!"

"My sister says not, and I think she's right. Just like a large string of diamonds or a Rolls. Most men say, 'Gosh—but the upkeep!'"

"Gosh," he said. "That's exactly what I did say when I saw you, after the dazzle was over. I like 'em moderately pretty, and useful, said I to myself. That one's no temptation to me—I couldn't afford the glass case."

"Well," she said dryly, "Pringle can."

"Oh, well, you never know. He might even turn out a pleasure." He slowed. "This looks like a fairly inhabited spot of wilderness." He flashed his light on a sign. It said, "Not Over Twenty Miles an Hour." He drove on.

Just when they had given up all hope, they found a station.

"Here's my thirty-seven cents," he said, fishing it up. "If the place is deserted you can use the pay station—and don't say I wasn't chivalrous."

In silence they climbed out. There was a cheering Postal Telegraph sign. But the door was locked. The moon was going down. They climbed, still silently, back into the car.

AT irregular intervals they found three more small rural stations, all locked tight. The fourth was open but deserted, and the pay station was locked.

Donald said desperately, "We'll have to find one of those country post offices where the proprietor sleeps on top of the store. There *must* be one of those!"

"Sure it won't compromise you to waken him?"

"You *have* a sweet nature! I don't wonder Pringle made public scenes with you—was it six times or seven?"

"Four. The papers exaggerated," she said hotly. "And they were because he yelled and hit waiters and doormen and I tried to stop him, except the last one. . . . And practically everybody rows with waiters in night clubs. You're jealous of his having eight millons, that's all."

"Of course I am—who isn't? Here, don't! You are on the edge of crying—I shouldn't have ragged you. We'll find a way to get you home, if it's the last act."

He held out a friendly hand. She took it.

The darkness lightened as the car whisked along. Dawn was beginning.

"It's pretty," she said.

"Air's nice. Sort of good to get the world to yourself once in a while. 'The world is too much with us; late and soon . . .' My grandfather used to quote that. . . . Good Lord, what's that?"

Embowered in large dark trees was an owl wagon. It was unlighted. Donald leaped out and pounded, and presently the owner emerged, sleepy but unsurprised.

He knew where the nearest post office was.

"Mrs. Gilkyson runs it. I stopped there yesterday to buy some stuff. Post office and general store, Postal Telegraph. Yeah—she sleeps upstairs. I guess you could wake her up—you did me."

Their eyes consulted. They bought unanimously two cold rolls and unfried frankfurters. The world felt better and better. They drove on.

The post office was finally there, all alone on a small hillside. Its name was Singleside, and the Postal Telegraph sign stuck joyously out at them under "Ice cream and dancing." Donald consulted his map and said, "Can't be far from Winton."

"Don't you know the way?"

"I haven't been there. I was interviewed in New York."

She began to say something sarcastic about concealing herself, and stopped. He was being very decent. If *I* had a job, how I'd hang on to it, Milla told herself fervently.

Mrs. Gilkyson was an expert sleeper. Donald pounded. He yelled. Finally there was the sound of a window sliding up. A voice said gratingly, furiously, "Can't you let a body sleep, for cat's sake? You drunk?"

It is hard to explain yourself politely in a shout, but Donald did it pretty well. Finally they were let in.

The place was dark and stuffy. When the electricity went on, it was glaring and stuffy. There were the usual counters of covered-up bright-colored horror magazines, the usual pigeonholes and piles of assorted merchandise.

THE lady had on a helmet of steel curlers and a red woolen wrapper. She was lean and Roman-featured, with bright black eyes like a hen's.

"Well," she snapped, "what you want this unchristian hour?"

Milla stumbled over a protruding crate of oranges, grabbed a piece of wrapping paper, and wrote her telegram.

"Please send that right way," she demanded.

The postmistress' eye of a superhen ran over Milla, from her curls—which, unfairly, looked as if they had been on a shoulder for hours—to her gold slippers. She read the telegram aloud with maddening slowness:

"Got in wrong car not Prings you have my bag wire ten for carfare immediately care postmistress Singleside Conn Milla"

"Can I stay here till the money comes?" Milla pleaded. Her voice might have broken down the resistance of a steel robot—provided it was a male one. It did not move the postmistress. She read the telegram over again, still more slowly, before she answered:

"I stopped bein' a telegraph station yesterday and took out the pay phone. It didn't pay for the bother."

She looked Milla over again from head to foot.

"But then—what can we do?"

"I don't know." She had a calm technique of disobligingness which was obviously the growth of years.

Donald interrupted impatiently: "Can't you direct us to somebody in the village who has a telephone?"

She said, like one betraying her country, "Reverend Barton's a kind of easy man. Three left turns an' a right. He might not mind bein' waked up. Sort o' hardened to it, what with elopin' couples usually payin' a fee. I s'pose you two been on a tear? I don't know what young folks is comin' to! Gin an' cars . . ."

Donald took Milla's elbow and steered her out of the store. The postmistress' harsh voice followed them: "I seen about you in the tabloids, Milla. This seems like a pretty thin story to *me*."

Donald said, jamming down the starter so the car jumped, "It would break her beastly heart, if any, to know how idiotically decent the whole thing is!"

They finally found the minister by a providential doorplate. They rang.

They were let in by a sleepy plump fourteen-year-old who had nothing against them, whose hair had hastily been combed out into side fans after Deanna Durbin, and whose round eyes opened with excitement over the beauty in the mussed gold frock and the tired young man with the crumpled shirt front.

"You want to get married?" she said hopefully, pulling her bathrobe together over her pajamas. "Daddy'll be down in a minute." She ran to the stair foot and yelled for him. "This is the third eloping marriage we've had in Winton this week!" she informed them joyously. Her beaming Durbin smile found no response on either face. Milla said, "We don't *want* to get married."

Donald only said one word—it came from the depths of his chest: "*Winton!*"

Daddy appeared at this moment. He had managed trousers and shoes under his bathrobe. He ran his eyes over the tousled pair.

LOOK here," he said. "Come back by daylight with street clothes on, when the cocktails have died out, and we'll talk it over. Marriage is a pretty serious thing."

Donald and Milla spoke together. Milla said, almost hysterically: "We don't *want* to get married! We want to *telephone!*"

Donald only said in an agonized voice, "This *isn't* Winton. It's Singleside. It *can't* be Winton."

"Young man," the clergyman said rather sharply, "I happen to have been the pastor of the Winton Presbyterian Church for fifteen years. I have also been chaplain of my brother's school for boys, of which you may have heard, for the same period. The Winton School. This is Winton. Singleside is two miles off."

Milla said like a desperate cuckoo clock, "I want to *telephone*."

A crash at the door drowned out the clergyman's answer. They all turned, like dolls on a pivot. Deanna's understudy opened it. There she stood, with her legs wide apart, and said, pushing at somebody, "Hey, keep out of this house! People are acting as if it was Grand Central Station!"

She was violently shoved to one side. "I *will* not keep out! I'm looking for a kidnaper!" shouted a violent voice.

Deanna said "E-e-e!" rapturously.

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To say that the newcomer merely burst in would be understatement.

In spite of the fact that he was a tall slim young man with handsome curly hair, a set of good if self-willed features, and a superlative overcoat, the general effect was that of a wild elephant working on a city wall. Behind him, decently shrouded now in a bright green sports coat, pattered avidly the postmistress.

Donald, Milla, and the Reverend Doctor jumped. Only Deanna's understudy was unmoved. She jumped before him and said truculently, "Don't howl and pound like a bad-mannered nut! This isn't the underworld, you goon! It's a respectable parsonage at daybreak. And take off your *hat!*"

He did not. He shouted more loudly still, "I'm Pringle Alanson Third! You know who I am. That man there's kidnaped my fiancée!"

Deanna's double lost her temper. She raised a strong young arm and the hat flew into a corner. "She's probably run off to stop hearing you yell," she said, not too far from the truth. "You seem like an awful pill."

This frankness was such a novelty to Pringle Alanson Third that he was daunted for a moment. Milla took advantage of his dropped jaw to get hold of his lapels and shake them and say, "*Listen,* Pring. He *didn't* kidnap me."

PRINGLE said in a terrible voice, "*I* know exactly what happened. Venetia told me. She said you were terribly sorry you'd behaved so rottenly. You were in my car, waiting to apologize. Well, naturally I took a little time to think about what I'd do. When I got there, my car was there. The only other one like it was this cad Keyes'. I'd seen him park it, anyway. I got a flat once, but I knew where he'd head. Postmistress, here, gave me my last clue. She knew about us, of course—read about us."

"I saw about them in the tabloids!" said Mrs. Gilkyson shrilly. "I said to myself, That young man is up to no good with Milla Landin!"

The clergyman eyed Pringle with interest.

"I think I recall you," he said. "Didn't the Winton School—ah—part from you once?"

"And proud of it!" shouted Pringle. He waved an arm at them all. "That Keyes cad has had it in for me for years! He's hated me. He's persecuted me! And now he's tried to steal my girl! That's the sort he is—nice teacher for kids! I may have been fired from Winton, but I've got an uncle on the board, just the same! I'll see that he hears about this performance! You deserve to be exposed, Keyes, and you're going to be!"

Deanna's double said, thrilled, "Gosh, you sound just like a dictator. I guess maybe you've got a persecution complex. You think?"

Milla shook Pringle's lapels again. "Listen. You've got to listen, Pring! I thought it was your car. I went to sleep in it. When I woke up, we couldn't find a station for me to go home from. He had to be at the school by nine, or lose his job. And we hadn't any money."

"Nonsense! No money is hooey." Pring went slow and pompous. "Camilla, you may be the most beautiful girl in the Social Register, but that doesn't mean you can go to all lengths with me. If you stand up for that bum I can only think one thing. Your loyalty is to him, not me. We are of course washed up, if that is the case."

Donald Keyes spoke quietly from beside the clergyman: "You mean that if Milla won't throw all the blame on me you're breaking off with her?" He looked white and eye-circled, but he was in control of himself. "All right. Listen, Pring, you little worm. She kept begging and pleading, but I drove right on. She's not to blame at all. All right. I kidnaped her, if you want to call it that. She never stopped wanting to go back and make up and marry you."

Pringle said greedily, "Then you admit—"

"Sure. Just a wild freak of revenge on my bitterest foe, plotted for years on years. The sequel to the spank."

Donald was very white, but he was grinning too.

Pringle said grudgingly, "All right, Milla, I forgive you. Come along. As for you, sir, of course you understand that I consider it my duty to have my uncle place this before the board—"

He put his arm through Milla's and turned her. She took two hypnotized steps in her soiled gold sandals, like a battered wedding procession. Suddenly she checked. She jerked her arm from Pring's.

"Oh, Don!" she said reproachfully. "You've gone all chivalrous. You said you wouldn't."

He said, low, "Well, don't you. Go along and marry him. I guess there isn't any other thing you'd better do."

"I will too!" she said. "I won't let you stand there and take it to save me for Pringle's alimony! Here—listen, Pring. Because you're going to hear honest-to-goodness facts for just once in your rotten-spoiled life. I'm through for good now, as I ought to have been the time you knocked down your first waiter in your first night club. I did get into the car to make up with you, worse luck. When I woke up and found Don, I saw how swell he was, and—and I wouldn't go back. I—well—" Milla said, staring him in the eyes—"I thought if I hung on he might fall for me. Well, he didn't. He doesn't like them beautiful; he likes them useful. He told me so flat. Pring, you can't take his job and maybe his whole career away from him just because I was an idiot and neither of us had any money! Oh—please!" She turned to the clergyman. "Do make him understand that it's possible. We didn't either of us have any."

Mr. Barton said, "I will try. I can understand, Mr. Alanson, that this situation seems odd to you. But, believe me, it has happened to many young people, including myself. It happens still. People who haven't any money really occur. Now, I'd advise you to get back into your car and drive to an excellent hotel about twenty miles farther along, and think it over. I'll see that these young people are cared for, but, alas, my home is not elastic. Everything will be all right, Mrs. Gilkyson. I'm sure you understand that it would be wiser to say nothing about it—Mr. Alanson will explain that to you."

Mrs. Gilkyson eyed them both and, rather limply, slid away. Pringle Alanson Third looked from Milla, lovely and blazing-eyed, to Donald standing behind her, his mouth hard-set.

He said, "All right—all right! *Nothing* would make me take you back after this, Milla. You need never hope it. I'm wiring my uncle on the board the minute I get to the hotel, Keyes. If you want to get married and go on relief, what is it to me?" He stamped out. He came back to stand in the doorway and say scornfully, "Ha-ha—poor fish!"

His car could be heard snorting and stalling for a moment—Pring was death on gears—before it faded toward the hotel.

MR. BARTON said pleasantly, "I must tell my wife we have guests at breakfast. Isabel dear, you must have some clothes you can lend Miss Landin. Take her upstairs with you."

Isabel continued to stare at them, hands in pockets. "Gee!" she said. "Then you *are* in love!"

"We're not!" Milla said hotly, cursing the movies. She had forgotten that the lifework of the young man standing beside her was the handling of the young.

"Now look here, sister," he said. "If you're planning on the career I think, it's song. You go sing something in another room. Milla will be along in a minute."

She went meekly.

Donald shut the door tight. "Milla, I don't care how beautiful you are. Oh, darling, I adore you! I was mean all the way up, not to show how goofy I was about you—"

She said against his raincoat, "You're sure it's not because schools like married masters better?"

"Shut up." He kissed her violently.

The minister's child popped her head in. "Look here—don't worry. I heard that old Alanson man talking to Uncle Bill in dad's study last week. He said he was bugs on having the board get young Keyes because anybody that could spank his brat of a nephew before two ball teams and a head was the kind he wanted in any school *he* had a casting vote in. And you *are* in love with each other—you can't fool me! My room's on the left at the head of the stairs, when you're through kissing."

Unembarrassed, she gently closed the door.

THE END

DOCTORS DON'T KNOW

BY DR. EDWARD SPENCER COWLES as told to Earl Reeves

A revelation for patients! A Park Avenue specialist faces facts—and speaks his mind

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

DOCTORS don't know. That's the simple truth explaining many of the medical episodes reported in recent Liberty articles.

They don't know—so how can you?—that in most cases they treat symptoms, not causes, of illness. They don't know because there has been a gaping hole in medical knowledge and teaching. We were taught chemical medicine, physiology, chemistry, some psychology. But there was inadequate understanding of the nervous system and its interplay with mind, emotions, and organic function.

Then Sex swaggered into the medical picture. Along came Freud, to distort popular and medical thinking alike with his ridiculous sex interpretations of nervous troubles. There was also the absurd idea of diagnosis through symbolism of dreams—dreams which meant nothing at all. Out of all this came "psychoanalysis," the worst racket in medical history.

The influence of false Freudian doctrine, even though not wholly accepted, set medicine back by decades; and at its weakest point—understanding of nerves.

I'm convinced that of the millions who seek a doctor's treatment each year for various ailments sixty per cent *should* be treated for "nerves," for psychoneurosis. Since most doctors do not know how to differentiate or diagnose illnesses which are of nervous origin, they treat merely symptoms and fail to reach the cause of most sickness.

There is "indigestion," and a pill for that. More acute discomfort suggests stomach ulcers: a different treatment follows. Another patient's story leads to a diagnosis of gallstones: this followed by medication, perhaps by an operation. Or there are "heart flutters," with fear of a definite weakness or disease. Or a supposed unbalance of the ductless glands, about which we know so little.

There is an important decision which should be made in diagnosis in such cases as these, and in many others:

Does the ailment reported by the patient actually exist at the point specified as something organic? For instance, as an ulcer or a specific disease.

Or is the ailment, while actually existing as described, merely a functional disturbance (something "out of gear"), the cause of which lies elsewhere, in the nervous system? Has a deeply embedded and enduring nervous excitement caused nerve fatigue which has, quite literally, worn down the energy of the individual nerve cells, even to the point of changing their chemistry?

In such cases—as I estimate, about sixty per cent—you tell your doctor about indigestion, dizziness, palpitations, or specific discomforts or pains. Out of his knowledge of physiology and chemistry he arrives at a diagnosis and prescribes a remedy. But he is only giving a pill to a symptom. What happens?

The old doctor described by Dr. "Raymond" will serve to illustrate one answer. He gave everybody the same remedy: Epsom salts and water, varying flavoring and coloring. Dr. "Raymond" reported that this remedy gave the old doctor a "surprising" number of cures. Naturally! The patients "told the doctor." That helped. They believed in him; they believed in the remedy. I'm not saying their sickness was imaginary: it existed. But *if* there was no disease or organic trouble, and *if* the illness was not caused by nerve fatigue which was too deep, that was adequate treatment. Relieved of apprehensions raised by discomfort or pain, the patients were able to *rest.* Having unloaded worry upon their doctor, those whose real illness was mild neurosis were able to relax; nerve energy built up and the functional disorder which was the sickness disappeared.

DECORATION BY EARL WINSLOW

Giving a pill—or flavored salts—to a symptom will do well enough, *except*—

When the neurosis-caused illness is deeper—when nerve energy is more acutely depleted. Then, if symptoms only are treated, *nothing* happens. Except gigantic increase in human misery. Misery which should be preventable but is not.

It is in such cases that we get stories like that of the young man who had ten different diagnoses from ten

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SEE PAGE 54

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physicians. Obviously, I can't diagnose that man, sight unseen. But his case history is familiar. Almost identically that story has been told many thousands of times by the poor unfortunates who come to the Body and Mind Clinic on the lower East Side of New York.

To understand why treating symptoms will cure illness in some cases, and in other cases not, it is necessary to start with the realization that the nervous system is physiological. Like the rest of the body, it is made up of cells. Like any cells, they are subject to fatigue if overused. Overwork, fear, strain, even boredom—which is an exhausting emotion—may constitute an overdraft on your nervous-energy account.

If you let 100 represent par in nerve-cell energy, then we are constantly drawing on that down to around 80 in the normal wear and tear of living. Rest, sleep, recreation bring repair. But draw upon your energies below that and you enter the neurosis zone. It is then you begin to defeat yourself, through fear.

WHEN fatigue goes too deep, or strain or emotionalism wears you down too far, you may have loss of appetite, restless sleep, dizziness, indigestion, intestinal disorders, or the apparent manifestation of definite disease. Your nervous system is no longer in balance. Weakened, impoverished nerve cells are sending rather clamorous messages to your brain. You cannot consciously translate them. But you are very aware of them, in restless unease. The mind, no longer looking outward, turns inward and searches for the cause of the strange feelings which seem to surge over you.

There you have the beginning of the vicious circle of neurosis. Depleted nerve-cell energy is the start. But the fears aroused by a definite and existing ailment and by a pervading unease react further upon the nervous system and its individual cells. Harassed further, the cell—like a stomach upset by shock—cannot assimilate the nourishment it needs. Thus the nerve cell is further weakened, and the cycle continues.

This might more accurately be described as a "vicious descending spiral." In extreme cases this energy-depletion cycle can be continued to coma—and even death.

If you have had an illness of this type in the upper fringes of neurosis, a holiday, travel, change of scene, colored Epsom salts or a more learned prescription may still cure. Because the cure is rest. But if this spiral of decreasing energy moves downward into lower neurosis levels, there are formed patterns of action and reaction between the nerve cells, the organs, and the brain. Such, for instance, as may cause recurring nausea, intermittent headaches, localized pains or symptoms which suggest specific diseases. Such a pattern may be fixed for a time, then suddenly change. Bewildered, the patient can only report new symptoms. Little wonder, since there has been such a hole in medical teaching, that the average practitioner is mystified. He concludes, often, that the patient merely is imagining things. Or, if he grants that the illness is genuine, but that it is "nerves," then his view is apt to be that the nervous patient must cure himself. (This he literally cannot do.) Or, he believes that but says nothing about it—and goes on giving pills for symptoms.

Sooner or later the patient walks out and seeks another doctor. The tragic procession begins. Often it ends in the almshouse or in suicide.

Somewhere along the way the neurosis patient is likely to tread the path that leads to the psychoanalyst's door—and, for him, to a torture chamber.

Remember, the health this patient needs so badly is an *un*-self-conscious balance from which the mind looks *outward*, untroubled, upon the world. The very nature of his illness has turned his mind inward, searching restlessly in self-diagnosis. And this in itself is the chief obstacle between him and the recuperation which can come from deep rest.

So—Heaven help him—*that* kind of patient is forced by the follower of Freud into the many-hours-long self-flagellation of digging up memories, thoughts, impulses, dreams from his earliest days. This is sheer brutality. It further shatters the nervous system, adds wreckage to wreckage, and raises higher the obstacles to recovery. Nevertheless, I've known cases in which trained physicians, not knowing what to do with, or for, neurosis patients, have recommended that they seek the merciless ministrations of the psychoanalyst.

SUMMARIZING basic facts about this kind of illness: It is real, not imagined—though the patient's imagining about his ailment is inflamed. He can't help that; it is an automatic *physiological* process—caused by the pouring into the mind of distress signals from millions of weakened nerve cells. Neurosis illness may vary in discernible form from heartburn to literal paralysis; but treating gastritis, colitis, etc., is useless.

The cure lies in treating the nerves: in medication which will aid the rebuilding of nerve-cell energy or in creating conditions permitting nature to rebuild it; accompanied by suggestion and explanation for the mind, to banish the fears which are obstacles to recovery.

With proper treatment, the road back is short. But since so many doctors don't know, for hundreds of thousands there's only a dismal road ahead. It is a road leading to constant bad health, invalidism, and far worse suffering than accompanies a critical disease or infection, because these unfortunates are the victims of prolonged mental anguish. All this because doctors don't know.

They *should* know.

THE END

THE MORMON KING OF MICHIGAN *and his Wives*

The story—fantastic but true—of a not-so-distant day when a law-defying absolute monarch ruled in the U. S. A.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SOME people fear that the United States is heading toward a dictatorship. Others scoff at the idea.

"Never!" they assert stanchly. "A king or a dictator in this country would be impossible."

Whether or not this reassuring statement is true today, it has not always been true. There was a time when a king *did* rule in the United States. As late as the year 1855 a Mormon held sway as a monarch with absolute power. He passed even the sentence of death. He ruled over a material realm in Michigan, in defiance of the laws and government at Washington.

King Strang.

He was born in Chautauqua, New York, on March 21, 1813. He grew up spindle-shanked and sickly. When the urge to power began to manifest itself in him, he changed his name Jesse to the more kingly James.

This Strang boy outgrew his ill health, became a schoolteacher, and then, in 1836, was admitted to the bar in Chautauqua County. Presently he took unto himself a wife—destined to be the first of many.

As a lawyer, he could make black appear to be white. However, the law did not pay. Chautauqua County was rife with a new sect called Mormons, and Strang's wife had Mormon relatives out in Wisconsin. In 1843 they moved to the new territory.

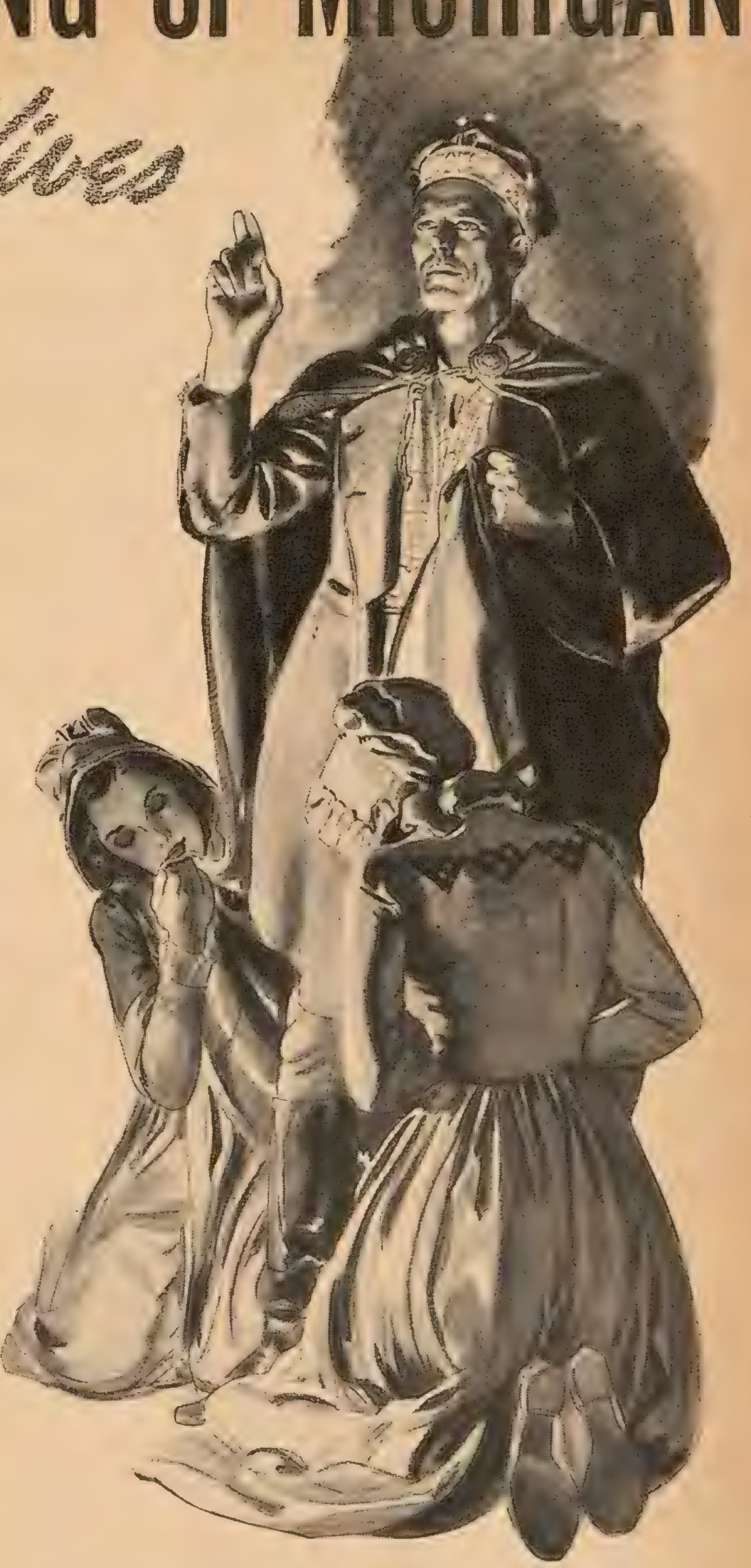
The headquarters of the sect were at Nauvoo, Illinois, where the prophet Joseph Smith ruled. Strang parked his wife with her people and headed south on horseback. At Nauvoo he made a huge impression—and then let the prophet's favorite wife confer with him in private!

Now we see him, not only a Mormon but an elder, heading back to Wisconsin. He began his own Mormon empire at Voree, "Garden of Peace." Then came news that Joseph Smith had been murdered, leaving no successor. Strang did not hesitate. He titled himself "James the Prophet" and demanded recognition as the First President of the Church. Joseph Smith had solemnly appointed Strang as his successor—and Strang had a letter to prove it! Brigham Young denounced the letter as a forgery and Strang as a liar—and the years have proved Young was right.

The Nauvoo church excommunicated Strang. He went ahead and formed his own church. He preached bitterly against polygamy. The birthplace of Mormonism was at Kirtland, Ohio, and Strang won over the faithful there. Brigham Young led his church west to a new empire.

Strang instituted a strict moral rule. He spent most of his time traveling, preaching his faith, gaining converts—and things ran down sadly at Voree.

A vision led to his discovery of brazen plates inscribed in an unknown tongue. For the moment, he made no translation of these plates.



He announced a new revelation. The practice of polygamy was now urged upon the faithful.

In 1847 he and four of his followers took passage on a steamer that would drop them at the Beaver Islands in Lake Michigan. They landed hungry, without a cent, went to work at manual labor, earned provisions and a boat, and made a careful exploration. They found that these islands would produce everything necessary to support a large population in luxury.

Strang managed a trip to Washington. The islands were not open to settlement. Strang tried to interest Daniel Webster in getting them placed on sale to Mormons only. Failing, he resolved to take them anyway.

His followers were scattered all over the western states. To gather them at the City of James, as he first named the new settlement on Paradise Bay, was a slow affair. By 1849 the gradual influx was under way, and the City of James became St. James, as it is today.

By the summer of 1850, Strang announced the dramatic removal of his headquarters to the islands, and a conference of his Church was called for July 8.

The historic date drew near.

Fishermen and traders seized the north point of the harbor. They made no secret of their plan to attend the Mormon gathering, begin shooting, seize the Mormon women, and "drive the Mormons into the water." But at daybreak a schooner appeared in the bay and cannonaded their encampment. Overawed, they scattered.

The conference of the Saints was unopposed.

Some hundreds of the faithful were gathered on the evening of the eighth. The great tabernacle had just begun to rise. The multitude assembled around it. This Promised Land was theirs, the future assured. They owed all this to Strang, in whom they believed utterly.

James the Prophet stood up to address the crowded ranks. He showed the brass plates he had found. He had been given divine aid in translating their inscriptions. The Book of the Law of the Lord!

Presently the Book would be printed—the Law by which this people were to be ruled and governed! For the moment he could read them only extracts from it:

"'He hath chosen his servant James to be King, he hath . . . appointed him King of Zion!'"

AMID the tumultuous applause, Strang turned. His rough clothes were still travel-stained, ragged. He and a number of his followers strode from the wide platform and were lost to sight.

Presently he came striding out anew before the assembled hundreds. He was clothed in a gorgeous robe of rich scarlet. The oath of allegiance was taken by all the faithful. Then stepped forth George Adams—once an actor, now a bulwark of the Church. Before him knelt James the Prophet.

"I crown thee, James, King of Zion!"

On Strang's head Adams placed a crown of silver adorned with stars. And the multitude roared its homage.

Then Strang announced a new revelation. The practice of polygamy was now straitly urged upon all the faithful!

Among the spectators at the coronation only one—a singularly handsome young man known as Charlie Douglass, who had returned with the prophet from his recent speaking tour through the East—knew the answer to the astounded queries sweeping through the Mormon ranks that night. Why, after condemning polygamy for years, had Strang reversed himself? "Charlie Douglass" was the beautiful Elvira Fields. Strang had secretly married her, regardless of bigamy. Now he announced his plural marriage and took her openly to his bosom.

Many of Strang's followers now saw him in his true light. They withdrew from the fold to form a "reorganized" schism of the Church; a schism which flourishes today to the number of a hundred thousand members.

The Royal Press was soon at work, pouring forth pamphlets from Strang's pen, and even a newspaper, the Northern Islander. Strang began a campaign of publicity. As fresh converts and settlers drifted in, he took within his empire a part of the mainland about Pine River, now known as Charlevoix. This was alarming. Fishermen, whisky traders, homeless men began to gather from all about the lake. Mackinac becoming their anti-Mormon headquarters.

President Fillmore, visiting Detroit, heard of this island kingdom, and was aghast. He took counsel with Stephen A. Douglas.

King Strang, meanwhile, went boldly to Mackinac, bearding his enemies in their den. He was instantly arrested on the perfectly true charge of having expelled a prostitute from Beaver Island, under threats of riding her about the bay on a black-horned buck. He was haled before a backwoods justice, one O'Malley, and was sentenced to a year in prison. Strang procured his own release on a writ of habeas corpus, but at nine o'clock that night O'Malley again had the king arrested and gave him a second sentence of life imprisonment. Another habeas corpus put Strang at liberty, and the farce was ended.

Then one evening the U. S. S. Michigan steamed into the harbor of St. James, her guns trained on the settlement, and Strang was summoned aboard by G. C. Bates, United States District Attorney in charge of the case, and arrested on the charges of high treason, of mail robbery, of counterfeiting, of trespass on public lands. Thirty-eight other Mormons were arrested with him.

At the end of May, 1851, the king went on trial in the United States District Court at Detroit, being now under grand-jury indictment. His defense was to paint an effective word picture of Christ before Pilate! The charges collapsed and amid wild applause the prisoner was acquitted.

He came back to St. James a wiser—or shrewder—king. He did not conceal the practice of polygamy. With the Mormon vote, he threatened to swing the whole Michigan vote at the Baltimore convention of 1852. President Fillmore very wisely forgot about him.

He went to the state legislature. By the end of 1853 the Mormons were in entire control of two counties, and were planning to colonize a third. By 1854 this was extended to a fourth. By 1855 Strang had the senatorial toga in view and within his grasp.

Meantime, however, the royal whipping post was stained red. Thirty-nine lashes with birch rods might be given for lying and talebearing alone. Some who were flogged became enemies of the Mormons. Among these were Thomas Bedford and a man named Wentworth.

One of the Mormon leaders was a certain Dr. McCulloch, whose enthusiastic patronage of the bars of the lake steamers that docked at St. James became a public scandal. McCulloch developed a virulent enmity to all Mormons and allied himself with the two backsliders, Bedford and Wentworth. But when Strang published a fiery challenge in his paper, McCulloch decamped hurriedly to Mackinac. There he found the revenue cutter Michigan, and went into conference with her captain.

On June 16, 1856, the Michigan, with the doctor aboard, steamed into the bay of St. James and tied up at the wharf. Her pilot went ashore to inform King Strang that the captain desired to speak with him.

Strang was striding toward the steamer when from the shore behind him emerged Wentworth and Bedford. The crack of a shot split the silence. Then, their work completed—as they thought—the two assassins rushed aboard the vessel and demanded protection.

It was accorded them. The Michigan took them to Mackinac, where they received an ovation as heroes.

TEN days later the Michigan reappeared in the harbor of St. James. From her debarked McCulloch, Bedford, and Wentworth at the head of an armed mob. To their consternation, they found that Strang was still alive. The Mormons gathered and drove the mob back aboard the cutter, which steamed away hurriedly.

Strang was put aboard a steamer and taken across the lake to Voree. He died there on July 9.

Then from up and down the fisheries, rifles in hands, gathered the hard brown men who hated Mormons. They gave every Mormon twenty-four hours in which to assemble at St. James, whither steamers had been summoned. The whipping post was chopped down; fire was set to the tabernacle; houses were plundered.

The steamers arrived. Aboard them were driven the refugees, among them Strang's five wives. Up and down and across the lake, as far as Detroit, the Saints were scattered, robbed of all they owned.

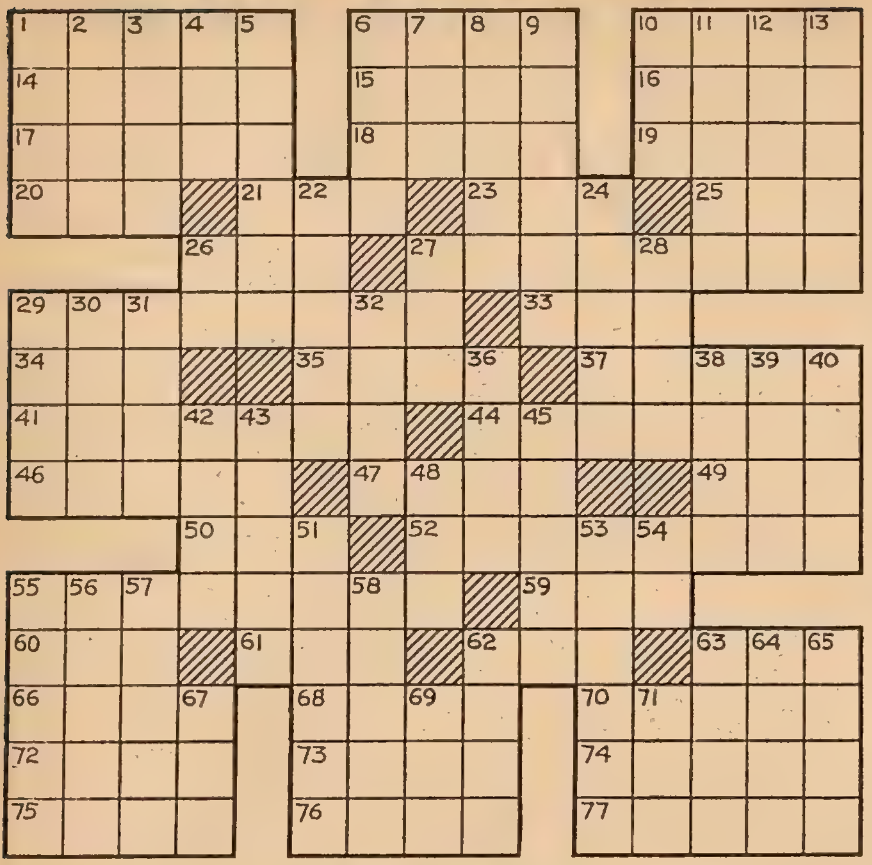
Once they were gone, the conquerors seized upon the spoils—lumber, nets, farms, boats, crops, houses.

Today you may go there and see the rotting logs of the King's Highway. Some one you meet and talk with may be a descendant of some refugee who, as soon as he dared, quietly returned to reclaim his ruined homestead. But that you will not know; no one will speak of an ancestor who was a subject of King Strang. You will scarcely hear the name Mormon uttered, for the men of Beaver do not talk of these things.

Yet if you had been watching a Union Pacific train pull out of Salt Lake City one evening last December, you might have waved good-by to fifty Latter Day Saints missionaries starting off to their work in the eastern states and across the seas.

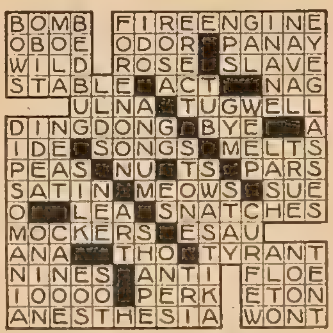
THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A vigorous blow
6 An autocrat
10 Hurried
14 A mean habitation
15 Ireland
16 County seat, Woods County, Okla.
17 The hollow seedcase of a plant
18 West Indian shrub
19 Rent
20 A tumor
21 Man's nickname
23 Goddess of healing (Teutonic myth.)
25 Suffix: action
26 Yellow ocher
27 Mounted
29 Long narrow flag
33 A great quantity or number
34 Containing metal
35 Compass point
37 Prospect, view
41 To involve in darkness
44 Elementary schoolbook
46 A contest (colloq.)
47 Kill
49 The octave above the treble staff
50 Unit of energy
52 Repository for records
55 Composed of the same elements (chem.)
59 Negative
60 Tooth in a wheel ring
61 Not bright
62 Small house
63 Malt drink
66 Leave out
68 Step
70 Species of pepper
72 Part of a church
73 Interjection
74 Makes level
75 Wheelless vehicle
76 Wither
77 Compact



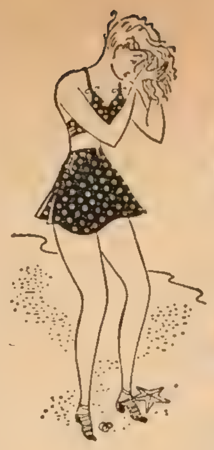
BOMB FIREENGINE
OBOE ODOR■PANAY
WILD ROSE■SLAVE
STABLE■ACT■■NAG
ULNA■TUGWELL
DINGDONG■BYE■■A
IDE■SONGS■MELTS
PEAS■NU■TS■PARS
SATIN■MEOWS■SUE
O■■LEA■SNATCHES
MOCKERS■ESAU
ANA■■THO■TYRANT
NINES■ANTI FLOE
IOOOO■PERK ETON
ANESTHESIA WONT

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Demonstrate
2 Entwined
3 Russian proper name
4 Through
5 Genus of gastropods
6 A pair of horses
7 Error
8 Constellation
9 Mementoes
10 Rested
11 Entreat
12 Escape
13 Ventured
22 Egyptian entertainer
24 Pass cautiously through
26 Symbol for an element
27 Measure of area (pl.)
28 Fastening device
29 Weeps convulsively
30 Genealogical chart
31 Tear
32 Corrodes
36 Monarch
38 A Polander
39 Greek combining form: far off
40 The field of learning
42 One in a series
43 Pierced
45 Greek combining form: thick
48 Rupees 100,000
51 Harasses
53 Inclosure for promoting rapid vegetable growth
54 Pronoun
55 Images
56 One of a Hamitic race
57 Pointed arch
58 Imagine.
62 Yield
63 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
64 Any object resembling a lentil in form
65 Otherwise
67 Arrange for drying
69 Vehicle
71 Feminine proper name

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

A sun-loving lass
at Bon Aire
Asked a lifeguard to
save her scorched hair
His reply was laconic
Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic
And do your own
saving—so there!

PLAY in the sun . . . but guard against dry scalp and sun scorched hair. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly to supplement the natural scalp oils . . .

BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO give yourself a thorough 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage. Rub the Tonic directly on to the scalp. If possible allow it to remain on overnight.

40¢ AND 70¢

AFTER EACH SHAMPOO rub a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on the palms of the hands and smooth over the hair while it is wet. You'll notice a new gloss and a new softness. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Copr. 1938, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

Gallantly a girl pursues the strange shadow of a love that was lost . . and a stirring novel plunges into mystery

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

Harley Pitt

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH her husband, Bert Cameron, has been missing for seven years, beautiful Leslie Cameron refuses to have him declared legally dead. Harley Pitt, Bert's former law partner, who is in love with her, tries to convince her that, as Special Prosecuting Attorney, her husband made enemies of Frederick Novack and other racketeers, who might well have murdered him. But Leslie will not listen. Nor will she believe that Bert vanished of his own accord, even though police discovered that before his disappearance he had cashed some valuable securities.

Leslie enlists the aid of Philip Ranney, now Special Prosecutor in Bert's place, and they plan a secret search. They decide that Arlene Bray, a dancer, may hold the clue to the mystery. Arlene dined with Bert on his last night in New York. When questioned, she said she had never seen him before; that he had sought her out simply to get information about a racket. But, according to the janitor of her apartment house, Bert had often visited her.

Now, after seven years, Arlene has vanished, too. But Ranney traces her to Miami, where she is singing as Helen Lunden. He telephones Leslie that he has reservations on the morning plane; to meet him at the airport at nine.

PART TWO—THE PAST KEEPS ITS SECRET

WHEN Leslie rejoined Harley Pitt in the drawing room, it was with a sense of wild exhilaration that brought a new glow to her eyes. She tossed her wrap to a chair. There seemed, of a sudden, no time to waste. While she poured the liqueur Della had left on a tray, she told Harley what had happened.

He frowned at his glass. "I can't see why Ranney himself should want to go to Miami now. Why can't he send an assistant?"

"Maybe he considers this too important!"

"Absurd. He can't hope to get anything new from the Bray woman. The police grilled her a dozen times."

"Harley, I've never believed that Arlene Bray told the police everything she knew."

He shrugged. There was something about Harley Pitt—disapproval that expressed itself in the tightening of his features—which perplexed Leslie. Was it merely that he resented having a romantic moment shattered by Ranney's call? He finished his liqueur in silence, and she was glad that he didn't remain; nor did he again attempt to kiss her.

When he had gone, she packed two bags. The sense of haste still gripped her. Somehow it seemed a sheer waste of time even to go to sleep. . . .

In the morning she notified only Grace Lockridge that she was leaving. And she reached the Newark Airport at twenty minutes of nine, to find Philip Ranney already waiting. He came toward her quickly, grinning like a boy, his hat in his hand, so that the cold wind did havoc to his reddish hair.

"Been here since eight thirty," he said, with a shudder. "Puss is already in the plane."

She turned to him in surprise. "Your mother—?"

"Wild horses," Ranney laughed, "couldn't hold her back. Besides, I asked her to come. Thought it might be a good idea, since we're trying to avoid publicity. The newspaper boys won't make as much of me going to Florida with my mother as—well, if I went alone with Mrs. Leslie Cameron." He smiled and added briskly, "A cup of hot coffee will do us both good. We still have half an hour."

So presently they sat on high stools at the deserted end of a long counter. There was a mirror in front of her; as she arranged her wind-blown chestnut hair Leslie Cameron saw that her cheeks were flushed. She wondered whether it was the prospect of seeing Arlene Bray that caused her nerves to quiver as they did, or could it be that there was something about this man Philip Ranney that excited her?

"Tell me," she asked, "how is it you're going to Miami? *Yourself*, I mean."

"Oh, I could give you a dozen reasons, some good, some bad," he chuckled.

"I should think that with this investigation in full swing—"

"This trip is part of it." He turned on the stool to face her, and all the merriment vanished from his features. "I've been digging pretty deep into your husband's case, Mrs. Cameron. The further I dug, the less I liked it. He seemed to have gone mighty far when he slipped out of the picture. He must have had reams of data—all of it lost with him. I've come to the conclusion that there's nothing more important I can do right now than locate him if he's still alive."

Leslie looked down at her cup.

"As for Arlene Bray," he added, "well—I found the Swede who was superintendent of her house seven years ago. Had quite a talk with him." Ranney hesitated as though realizing that what he was about to say would be painful. "He insists, Mrs. Cameron, that your husband visited Arlene Bray at least once a week for months."

"And I've told you," she said flatly, "I can't believe it."

"Well, maybe we can get Arlene—now Helen Lunden—to settle it herself."

He finished his coffee, put down the cup, and reached for a paper napkin. "Anyhow, we've got to have a talk with her. I particularly wanted to have *you* do it. I think there'll be a certain psychological advantage in that. You know, woman to woman, heart to heart."

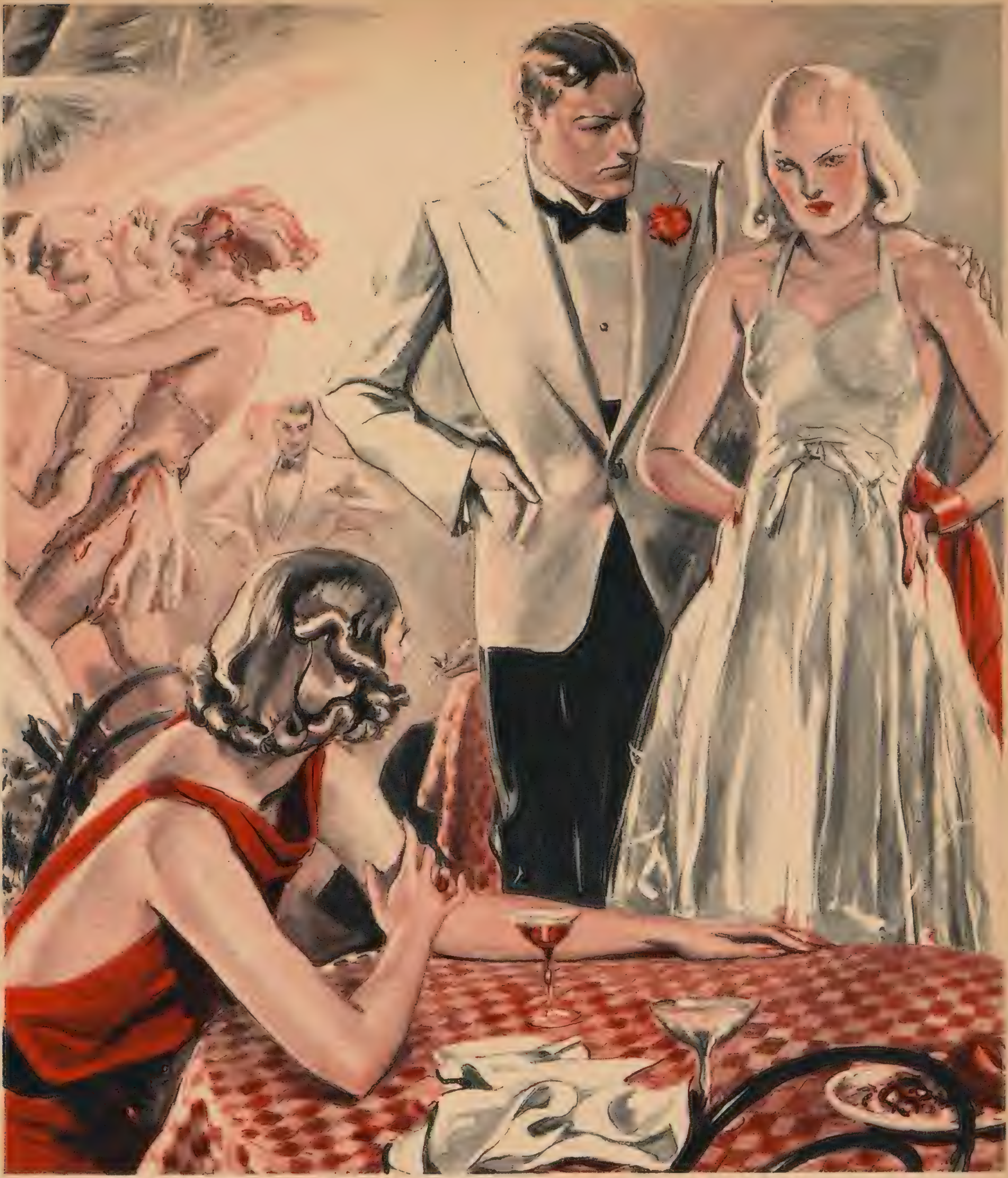
He had, he told her as they walked toward the plane, made reservations at a Miami Beach hotel. They were scheduled to reach Miami at six fifty that evening, which would allow them a brief rest before going on to seek Helen Lunden at the Double Cross Club.

The wind, sweeping across the airport, beat hard against Leslie's slim body. As she bent against its drive she had to keep a hand on her hat, the other at the throat of her Persian lamb coat.

As Ranney helped her into the plane, a voice called, "Oh, Mr. Ranney! Just a minute, please!"

He had one foot on the step as he turned. Leslie, already in the door, glanced over her shoulder to see two young men, cameras slung from their shoulders, trying to focus on the Prosecuting Attorney.

She caught her breath sharply, jerked her head away,



She stood motionless, looking down with wide-eyed, unbelieving intensity.

and hurried along the aisle. She didn't want to be caught in that picture with Philip Ranney.

The flight stewardess led her to her seat.

A slight elderly woman lowered a magazine and peered up shrewdly through spectacles. She had graying hair under a trim black hat. Her face was small and sharp and merry, like a mischievous child's. She offered a black-gloved hand.

"You're Mrs. Cameron, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ranney." Leslie studied her an instant, then added impulsively, "It's so good to know you!"

"Thanks." Mrs. Ranney appraised the younger woman with unabashed directness; yet with humor, too. In the end she nodded approbation. "Philip," she declared, "didn't exaggerate at all. . . . I hope you don't mind my tagging along?"

"Oh, I'm delighted you've come!" Leslie sat down, threw back her coat. There was something comforting about little Mrs. Ranney; something sane and reassuring. Her amused eyes appeared always to be telling you that nothing was half as dreadfully serious as it seemed.

Ranney joined them then. "Blamed nuisance, those photographers," he muttered. "Well, I see you've met."

"And getting along beautifully, too," declared his mother. "What did you tell those photographers, Phil?"

"Not a word."

"I'm afraid it's wasted secrecy," Mrs. Ranney said. "They'll get Mrs. Cameron's name from the passenger list. And they already know *you're* here. They can probably add two and two."

Gazing out across the airport, Leslie reflected in dismay that some of the papers would find perfect headline material in the fact that Mrs. Leslie Cameron, wife of a vanished Special Prosecutor, was flying to Miami with Philip Ranney, the present prosecutor. . . .

"Oh, well"—Ranney suddenly laughed, turning to her —"don't worry. If there's gossip, I can always fix it by marrying you."

IN the drawing room of his New York penthouse, Frederick Novack turned from a glass table and carried a Martini to the red-haired girl in the leopardskin coat. He smiled as he crossed the room; smiled reassuringly, as if to allay her nervousness.

"There's no rush," he said. "Take your time. Tell me exactly what happened."

The girl was small and frightened. She sat on the edge of a white leather chair, her feet pressed together. When she accepted the cocktail, her hand trembled.

"Honest," she answered huskily, all but pleading, "I told you everything I know about it, Mr. Novack."

"All you said was that he went to Miami."

"By plane. This morning. He made three reservations—for himself, his mother, and this Mrs. Cameron."

"I already know about that," said Frederick Novack. "What I'm interested in is—*why* did he go to Miami?"

"I don't know!"

He stood sipping his cocktail, looking down at the red-haired girl with a mingling of doubt and dissatisfaction. He was a solid man, big without being fat. What was left of his gray hair was parted so severely that one saw the pink skin of his scalp. The starched collar of his blue shirt was too tight; its pressure seemed to congest and flush his powerful face.

"Look, Beatrice," he said softly. "Why don't you get me some information I don't already know? After all, you operate the office switchboard."

"I do my best, Mr. Novack." She sounded desperate. "Most of the time there's somebody around. I just can't listen in. I'm in the outer office."

Thoughtfully Frederick Novack gazed into the dregs of his glass. "My dear girl," he murmured, "do you realize you're getting a hundred a week from *me*, not from Ranney? I want to *hear* something for that money."

"Well, there was that conference yesterday afternoon before he went away. I started telling you about that."

Frederick Novack nodded. "Go on. Tell me the rest."

Beatrice paused. When she continued, it was as if she were reciting something she had memorized.

"Mr. Ranney called his whole staff into his office. I mean the lawyers, of course. The rest of us didn't go in. I got one of the other girls to take the switchboard while I pretended to hunt up something in the files. The cabinets are right next to Mr. Ranney's door. I could hear pretty well what he was saying." She looked up at him in momentary embarrassment. "It—it isn't very complimentary, Mr. Novack. I hope you'll understand I'm simply repeating what I heard."

"I'm not asking for compliments. What did Ranney say?"

Leslie Cameron

"It was like a pep talk. He reminded his men of their responsibility. He showed them how New York City spends almost half a billion dollars a year, a great deal of it for public improvements and construction work. Then he showed them how easy it would be for a good part of those millions to go into graft and swindles. He said that some building inspectors could be paid enough to keep their eyes closed so that they wouldn't notice when cheap materials, not in specifications, went into construction. His investigation, he said, was aimed at jerry-builders and such who had been swindling New York—paying bribes to get contracts, and supplying cheap materials instead of those specified. Ranney said he proposed, before he was through, to get quite a few indictments." Beatrice hesitated, bit her lip. "Then Ranney said," she continued, "that there were probably twenty or thirty fairly important men in New York who'd been getting contracts on which they'd been swindling the city. Most of them, he said, were small fry. People like Corelli and Staffard. It was the big gun he was interested in. If he could trap the biggest one of them all, the rest would—would scurry away."

"And whom did he mean by the big gun?" Frederick Novack inquired, smiling. "Me?"

"Y-yes, sir." Uncomfortably the girl swallowed. "He said if he could get his hooks into you—with enough evidence and proof to swing an indictment—that's all he'd need. He asked his assistants to do their damnedest to—go after you; that you'd been getting away with murder too long."

"Murder, eh?" Frederick Novack laughed. He turned, crossed the room, and put his glass on the liquor table. When he came back to the red-haired girl he was still smiling. "Now you're earning your salary," he applauded. "Let's have the rest of it."

"There wasn't much more. He said you had come through two or three investigations untouched—that the nearest you ever got to trouble was during the Cameron investigation seven years ago. He told the men that he was relying on them all to do their best to get evidence against you. . . . That—that's about all, Mr. Novack."

He nodded. Without speaking, Frederick Novack went to a window and gazed meditatively down upon the light-studded darkness of Central Park.

Finally, having settled something to his satisfaction, he came back to the girl. "I think that will be all for tonight, Beatrice."

He stood still, fingering his watch chain, while the red-haired girl departed. Then he went to a corner of the room and picked up the telephone. He called a number, and when the connection had been made he said:

"Paul, I've got another job for you."

The voice in the receiver answered, "I'm listening."

"I'll need two or three more men. I want them to go to Florida and locate Philip Ranney in Miami. And Mrs. Cameron. I want nightly reports of what they do, where they go, whom they see."

"For fifty dollars a day, plus expense, per man," said Paul, "you can have anything you like."

Novack ignored the comment. "Tell your boys to stick with Ranney until I give the order to ease up."

"They stuck with him plenty in this town, didn't they? By the way, where do I reach you with these reports?"

"I'm going on a trip, Paul," Novack said. "I'll be in Washington, at the Willard, tomorrow night. Then I'm going on to Jacksonville to meet my boat. I'm thinking of taking a cruise."

"Sounds as if things are getting hot in New York," chuckled Paul. "So we'll have to pick up the yacht, eh?"

"When you call me at Jacksonville I'll give you our itinerary. You can pick us up without trouble."

"All right with me. . . . What's Ranney up to?"

"I'm paying you," quietly retorted Frederick Novack, "to get me information, not to ask me questions. Good-by."

THE plane arrived in Miami on schedule.

"We'll go to the Double Cross Club about eight," said Philip Ranney. "Arlene Bray ought to be singing at the dinner show."

Little Mrs. Ranney preferred not to go. "After that long flight," she maintained, "I'll have much more fun with a quiet dinner and an early snuggle in bed."

So they went alone, and Leslie Cameron found the Double Cross Club one of Miami's lesser delights. A sprawling log cabin, it was hemmed in by palmettos that rattled noisily in the night wind. You were admitted by a swaggering pirate, complete with boots, cutlass, patched eye, and earrings. You stepped into an atmosphere that was fetid and smoky and alcoholic, and the thumping music was wild.

When Leslie and Philip Ranney entered, sixteen partly clad girls were doing a frantic dance that kept their skins glistening with perspiration. Leslie's heart hammered with the rhythm of the band. She searched the crowded room—even the chorus—for some glimpse of Arlene Bray. But she didn't see the girl.

They had been in the Double Cross Club perhaps a half hour, through the antics of singers, tap dancers, and the repeated appearances of the chorus, when Leslie abruptly whispered, " There! There she is! "

Ranney glanced around and saw a tall spectacular girl with platinum hair waiting beside the orchestra's dais.

" A work of art," he murmured.

And then the young master of ceremonies announced, " Now, folks, we're going to hear the little lady who's the smash hit of Miami this season. Folks, I give you our own Helen Lunden! "

The young man himself launched the applause. It provoked perfunctory echoes here and there, mostly from waiters; and Helen Lunden, her figure half revealed in a swirling dress of silvery chiffon, walked to the microphone. In a flood of saffron light, she clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and sang. She sang My Heart Won't Believe Me. She sang it huskily, in a deep contralto voice that threatened to become a moan.

Leslie's throat pounded as she listened. Seeing this platinum-haired girl in the spotlight revived a parade of vivid, agonizing memories.

She could see Bert again. Slight, dapper, good-looking Bert, with his smoothly combed brown hair, his easy laughter. Bert dining with this girl on the night he stepped out of the world. Bert's smile flashing brilliantly across a table at this singer who now called herself Helen Lunden. She knows more than she's ever told, Leslie thought desperately. She *must!*

" I'll go bring her," offered Ranney, rising. " I'll get her as she leaves the floor."

Leslie was hardly aware of his going. Her eyes, anxious and fascinated, remained fastened on the girl at the microphone. She couldn't help seeing, with a queer pang, that " Helen Lunden " had aged a great deal in these seven years. The quality of girlhood was completely gone. If you looked closely, you could see tired, bitter lines around the corners of her mouth.

Then the song was ended and Helen Lunden bowed her way off the stage. A few minutes later the chorus girls surged upon the dance floor, and Leslie saw Arlene Bray and Philip Ranney approaching through shadows.

TO the woman who now called herself Helen Lunden recognition came like a shock. She stood motionless, looking down with wide-eyed, unbelieving intensity.

" Mrs. Cameron! " she whispered.

Leslie offered a hand across the table, but the singer seemed not to see it.

" Is this an—an accident? " she demanded, her voice husky. " Did you just *happen* to drop in? "

" No. We flew from New York to see you. . . . Please sit down, won't you? "

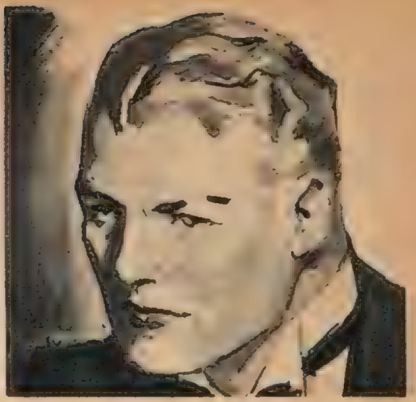
But Helen Lunden stood unstirring. After a few seconds she forced a scornful smile. " I see," she said. " I get it now. Funny, I had a feeling from the start that I was a fool to fall for that fake ad. I suppose it was Arnold Brock who told you where I was." She jerked her head toward Ranney. " Who's this? Another detective? "

" No. This is Mr. Ranney. He came down from New York with me. Please, Miss Lunden, *do* sit down. I—I've *got* to talk to you! "

The entertainer glanced uncertainly at other tables. People were watching her as though she were still on the stage. Suddenly she nodded toward a back door.

" I've got a dressing room, if you want to talk." And as Leslie rose she added, " Leave your friend here. We'll get along better alone."

Helen Lunden's dressing room was a suffocating cubbyhole illumined by a single glaring bulb. A three-legged stool in a corner offered the only accommodation for visitors. To this the woman waved as she shut the door. Leaning back against the dressing table, she regarded her caller with challenging directness.


Philip Ranney

" So you flew down to see me," she said. " With, I suppose, the same old questions. Or am I behind the times? Has something new happened? "

" Nothing new." Leslie, seated, met distrust with frankness. " I hoped that now, after seven years, you and I might have a—a frank talk."

" Frank? " Again Helen Lunden laughed briefly, almost harshly. " Sure. Just you and me. A sister act. I suppose that's why you brought Special Prosecutor Ranney along. To make sure we'd have privacy."

" Please stop talking as if I've come here to do harm! I haven't. Mr. Ranney simply helped me locate you. I decided weeks ago to make another search for my husband. If he's still alive—if you can help me find him—"

Helen Lunden's fingers crushed her crimson handkerchief. " What do you want with me? " she demanded. " I told you and the rest of them everything I knew seven years ago! Why can't you leave me alone now? "

" Please, Miss Bray—"

" *Lunden!* I've stood just about all I can stand! They drove me out of New York. Everybody was pointing me out as the Cameron mystery woman. As if—as if *I'd* had something to do with the murder of your husband! It almost drove me crazy! "

" They kept grilling you," said Leslie, " only because they felt you weren't telling everything you knew."

" Well, I was! What more *could* I tell them? I said I'd met him for the first time that night. He took me out to dinner because he wanted to question me about some crazy racket he was investigating—something about the money we show girls were supposed to be paying into a so-called protective association. I couldn't give him any information at all. It was the first and last time I ever saw him! "

" But," Leslie whispered, " the superintendent of your house insisted he'd seen my husband come to—to visit you. Again and again."

Helen Lunden bent forward, gray eyes fiery. " So they believed the superintendent rather than me. Even after they discovered the fool was nearsighted! "

" He—he seemed so positive—"

Helen Lunden beat a single blow of a small fist on the edge of the dressing table. Under her garish make-up she was pale and her tones became choked. " Would it have made them—or you—feel better if I'd said yes, your husband was my sweetheart? "

" That isn't true! "

" Of course it isn't true! But that's what they were trying to make me say, weren't they? Nothing else would satisfy them. Well, I wasn't going to let them browbeat me into saying it! "

Despite all logic, Leslie Cameron was seized by a choking sense of pity for this platinum-haired woman. " I wish, Miss Lunden, I could tell you how I feel—"

" Oh, I know. You're sorry for me," with quivering sarcasm. " The police were sorry for me, too. Everybody was sorry for me. But how did they show it? By making my life a misery! Six years ago I went to Chicago, changed my name to Helen Lunden, and tried to find another job. It wasn't any good. I'd have starved if I hadn't gone into one of those ten-cents-a-dance joints. And when pneumonia got me, I didn't have a nickel to pay for doctors. *A charity patient in a hospital ward*—that was me, Arlene Bray, after a year on Broadway! Hot stuff, isn't it? I almost died. Sometimes I wish I had. When I finally pulled through, I had to start all over again. And look how high I've climbed *now.*"

She waved about the tiny dressing room.

" This. A cheap filthy hole in a third-rate night club.

Seven years ago I used to dream of going places. Now I'm satisfied just to have a job singing for a bunch of drunks. And why? Because one night I was fool enough to have dinner with a man who walked out of the restaurant and disappeared!"

It seemed to Leslie, listening in awed silence, that the woman hung on the verge of sobs.

"All I'm asking now is to be left alone!" she drove on. "Can't you give me that much of a break? Didn't you and the others take plenty from me seven years ago? Why can't you keep away from me now?"

Leslie Cameron slowly rose. She looked at the actress with understanding; with compassion, too.

"I know," she said softly, "how hard and unfair it must have seemed to you. It's been hard for me, too. I've never been able to believe that my husband is dead. I can't sit back, doing nothing, forever. I hoped you might be able to tell me something—some little thing about Bert—how he acted that night, what he talked about, what he planned to do . . ."

Helen Lunden's expression softened. She even smiled, with a trace of sympathy; but it was a crooked smile.

"Sure," she said. "I guess maybe it's been pretty tough on you too. I can see that."

"Tell me about that dinner with Bert. How did he act? Was he nervous? Did he say where he was going when he left you?"

While she considered, Helen Lunden's crimson-nailed hand slowly moved to draw a package of cigarettes from a purse on the dressing table. When she pulled out the cigarettes, two slips of bluish-green paper came with them. She thrust them back; thrust the cigarettes back, too, and snapped the purse shut with decisiveness.

"I can only say again," she insisted, "what I told the police then. Your husband just questioned me about the theatrical racket. He didn't seem nervous. When I failed to give him any information, he was disappointed. Toward nine o'clock he said he'd have to go. He paid the check, thanked me for coming with him, and left me there in the restaurant. That's all I know."

Somebody banged on the door. "Finale in two minutes, Helen! Hop to it!"

The girl with the platinum hair swung around to the mirror and daubed powder over her features.

"You don't believe me, do you?" she asked of Leslie's reflection in the smeared glass.

"No. I'm afraid I don't. Not altogether."

All the bitterness and cynicism returned to Helen Lunden's lips. "Why not?" she asked.

"For the same reason, Miss Lunden, that the police never quite believed you. You see, every man on my husband's staff agreed that he wasn't interested in any theatrical racket. His days were crowded with bigger problems. Of men swindling the city of millions. Why should he suddenly have become interested in the sort of thing you mention?"

The girl who had once been Arlene Bray turned deliberately from the mirror and put her hands on her hips.

"I'm not going to try to guess your husband's reasons," she said. "I can tell you only my side of it. And I'm sorry your trip was for nothing." She thrust out her hand. "Good-by, Mrs. Cameron. There won't be any use seeing me again. I can't tell you any more."

Leslie knew, with a sense of hopelessness, that in this first encounter she had failed. She accepted the hand and, looking straight into the singer's eyes, she said: "I can't help feeling sorry for you. I hope that some day we may understand each other better. I think we could be—helpful to each other."

WHEN Leslie returned to Philip Ranney, he lifted her wrap to her shoulders and they left at once. Though they were more than a mile from their hotel, she begged him to walk. She wanted to feel the salty wind sweep through her hair; it seemed to cleanse her mind of the smoke and the murk and the noise that had filled the club.

Philip Ranney, listening to the account of her interview with Helen Lunden, walked with his hands in the pockets of his white jacket, his head bent.

"Well, you did your best, anyhow," he muttered. "After all, we could hardly hope to pop into her dressing room unannounced and come away with a brand-new set of facts. It will take time."

"No. She won't tell us anything, ever. I—I could feel it." Leslie shook a hopeless head.

"There's one thing she told you," Ranney said, "that may prove valuable. That bit about almost having died of pneumonia in a Chicago hospital." He drew his hand from his pocket and slipped it under her arm. "Mind if I talk like a detective?"

"Please do."

"Two weeks ago I dug up all the records the police had on Arlene Bray. They had tried, you know, to get at her family history. They knew she came from Wisconsin. They established also the fact that her parents were dead. She had an older sister, however—Margaret Bray. What became of Margaret the police never learned. When they questioned Arlene, she said she hadn't seen her sister in years. It sounded unlikely, and the police tried pretty hard to find the sister. They never did."

HE glanced at Leslie and saw her perplexity.

"Maybe I'm flying off half-cocked," he conceded. "Usually, however, when a patient is admitted to a charity ward, he's asked to give the name of some relative to be notified in case of death. If Arlene Bray—under the name of Helen Lunden—was alone in Chicago at the time they had her in the hospital, she *might* have given her sister's name and address. It's worth looking into, anyhow. I don't suppose she mentioned the name of the hospital?"

"No-o—"

"Well, my boys can get in touch with Chicago. They'll have her hospital record looked up."

Walking slowly, Leslie frowned. "You think Arlene Bray *deliberately* kept her sister out of this case?"

"Doesn't that sound more plausible," Ranney argued, "than that Arlene had completely lost trace of Margaret? And why should she have made such a point of keeping Margaret out of the affair? Obviously, because she didn't want Margaret found and questioned. Therefore, it would be wise to find and question Margaret."

Ranney's speculation roused a vague hope. Looking up at the moon, Leslie wondered if Arlene could have confided to her sister things she had been unwilling to divulge to any one else. If so, would Margaret talk?

"Frankly," Ranney said, "I'm pretty much convinced Arlene saw your husband *before* that last evening."

"You can't believe Bert had an affair with her!"

"Why not? The house superintendent who identified Bert's picture had nothing to gain by lying. The police showed him a dozen photographs of different men. Bert's was just one of them. They asked the superintendent to look at the twelve pictures. Without hesitation he pointed out your husband's. He declared that he'd seen that man often—at least once a week for months—calling on Arlene Bray." His voice lost its crispness. "I'm sorry. I know it hurts. But, after all, that's the point which makes the superintendent's story valuable. It's also the point that makes Arlene Bray important to us."

Leslie walked in silence. Strange, she thought with a pang, that the police had never told her how they had obtained the superintendent's testimony. And yet she suspected that there were many things the authorities had withheld. She knew that she herself had been doubted during those first few months.

As they walked she continued to gaze at the full golden moon that silhouetted the fronds of tall palms. Even now, years after the first fierce fires of her indignation had subsided, she found it impossible to believe that Bert had been in love with Arlene Bray. And tears came to her eyes.

For she couldn't help remembering the gay romance that had preceded her engagement to him. She could still see Bert Cameron's dark young face, his brilliant smile, his lively eyes—eyes that had talked to her as eloquently as had his lips. She could remember the ardor of his kisses, the savagery with which he had crushed her in his arms. There had been a single month—less than a full month—of marriage before the night he had dined with Arlene Bray. It had been the most miraculous month of Leslie Cameron's life, and she found it inconceivable that Bert's tenderness during that time had been merely a mask over his love for somebody else. The very thought made something squirm within her.

She wondered now, as she had wondered so often, whether she was still in love with him. *Could* one be in love with a memory, in love with a hope?

She supposed, with a sigh, that one could. What, if not love for Bert, was prompting this last despairing search? . . .

She brought her eyes down from the moon to find that Philip Ranney was leading her into the hotel. The lobby was crowded, and somewhere in the mezzanine an orchestra played.

As Leslie and Ranney walked past the desk, the night clerk said, "Mrs. Cameron."

She turned questioningly.

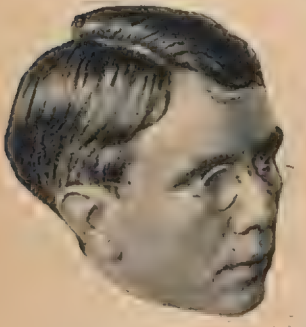
"There's a person-to-person call for you. From New York. It's been waiting more than half an hour. Will you take it in a booth or in your room?"

She sent a startled glance at Philip Ranney. Then she said quickly, "Upstairs, please."

As they hurried together toward the elevator, Ranney whispered in amazement: "This sounds screwy. There wasn't a soul in New York—not even you—who knew to what hotel you were going! . . . I'm coming with you while you take that call."

Who has traced Leslie? How much longer can she and Ranney keep their plans secret? In next week's eventful installment the mystery deepens, and danger dogs the footsteps of the intrepid pair as they follow a clue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—This week's early photo is of a rich man who killed an architect, was sane on and off. Who?

2—What do hummingbirds eat?

3—If an amateur is one who plays a game for love, what is a novice?

4—Which Biblical character is associated with the quality of patience?

5—What institution did John Wesley found?

6—Is a bassoon a cradle, a musical instrument, or a violent hurricane?

7—Who was "the Divine Sarah"?

8—The American Legion originated where?

9—Who wrote The Fall of the House of Usher?

10—Wistaria was named after whom?

11—If a child were born to French parents on an American battleship in German waters, what would be its nationality?

12—How does a camel carry his water supply in long desert journeys?

13—Who wrote Winesburg, Ohio?

14—Which European city, on the Douro, is a leading exporter of wine?

15—What is the meaning of C. Q. D.?

16—Don Ameche and Robert Young are in love with whom in Josette?

17—What kind of Presidential candidates were Garfield, Harding, Hayes, Pierce, and Polk?

18—Who said: "If this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this incessant human wriggle and struggle for office"?

19—Members of the F. B. I. are better known by what name?

20—Which empire-building railway promoter was born near Guelph, Ontario?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

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PARADISE KATE

Death launches a weird partnership in the story of a woman's flaming career

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

WHILE fleeing from Shanghai, under Japanese bombardment, a young American tells his story to a couple of newspaper correspondents—a story of a search for the notorious Paradise Kate of Thibet Road.

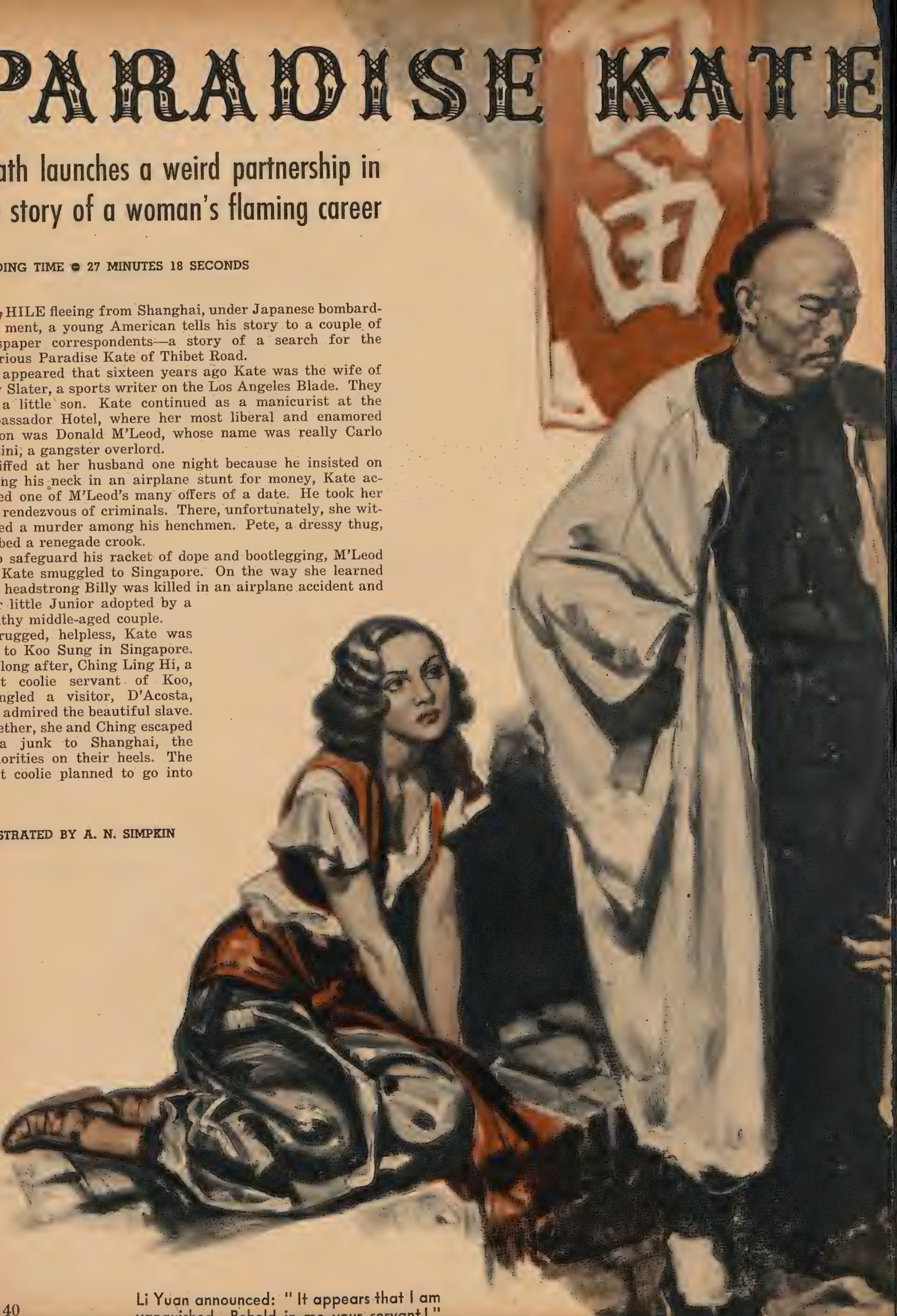
It appeared that sixteen years ago Kate was the wife of Billy Slater, a sports writer on the Los Angeles Blade. They had a little son. Kate continued as a manicurist at the Ambassador Hotel, where her most liberal and enamored patron was Donald M'Leod, whose name was really Carlo Rossini, a gangster overlord.

Miffed at her husband one night because he insisted on risking his neck in an airplane stunt for money, Kate accepted one of M'Leod's many offers of a date. He took her to a rendezvous of criminals. There, unfortunately, she witnessed a murder among his henchmen. Pete, a dressy thug, stabbed a renegade crook.

To safeguard his racket of dope and bootlegging, M'Leod had Kate smuggled to Singapore. On the way she learned that headstrong Billy was killed in an airplane accident and their little Junior adopted by a wealthy middle-aged couple.

Drugged, helpless, Kate was sold to Koo Sung in Singapore. Not long after, Ching Ling Hi, a giant coolie servant of Koo, strangled a visitor, D'Acosta, who admired the beautiful slave. Together, she and Ching escaped on a junk to Shanghai, the authorities on their heels. The giant coolie planned to go into

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN



Li Yuan announced: "It appears that I am vanquished. Behold in me your servant!"

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

the gambling racket, with Kate as his luring partner.

But other forces were at work. Through underground channels, M'Leod heard of Kate's getaway, and dispatched Pete to Shanghai. He hired Chinese killers, who fired on Ching and Kate, hitting her.

PART FIVE—A MURDERED MAN'S MONEY

THEN things happened very quickly. So quickly, and overlapping in such a fashion that, later on, Kate was never quite able to dovetail all the various details in her mind.

Only a few of them stood out.

For instance, this sharp pain which seared her left hand, although, she discovered afterward, it was no more than a scratch. She falling, not because of the pain but because Ching Ling Hi was pushing, almost knocking, her down into the mud and slime of the road. He at the same instant flattening himself on the ground beside her. Jerking his two revolvers from his loose sleeves; giving her one; and—there was no need for words—both blazing away toward the orange flashes that marked Li Yuan and the other two Chinese gangsters.

The narrow alley thundering with gunfire. In houses here and there lamps swiftly flickering up; more swiftly shuttered, as the people of the neighborhood decided it was the course of wisdom not to know what was going on.

So—since this was a part of Shanghai where the police were conspicuous, therefore safe, by their absence—the battle continuing. Deafening, echoing blasts.

Then, suddenly, a yell of utter agony. A silence—and, through the silence, the yell repeated, thinning rapidly to a moan, a rattling death gurgle deep in a man's throat. Followed by Ching's high, savage, triumphant laughter; and all at once, with a panther's speed, Ching jumping up and catapulting himself forward.

His revolver barrel—Kate saw it distinctly, though there was no light except the dim trembling moon rays—describing a short vicious curve; thudding dully against a skull; smashing it like a piece of brittle eggshell. Again his laughter peaking savagely—the man, no doubt, was thoroughly enjoying himself—and his great body whirling sideways toward the third, and last, of the attackers, Li Yuan, who was desperately squeezing the trigger of his weapon; then rather ludicrously exclaiming: "Dear Buddha!" as he noticed that the cartridges had jammed, and thereupon immediately and serenely doing what many another Oriental would have done under the circumstances.

For—thoughts raced through his brain—what was the good of fighting the inevitable?

So why be a hero, a fool, and choose death? Not he!

Therefore, just as Ching was about to shoot, he called out quickly:

"Wait!"

Ching was so astonished that he obeyed.

"Wait?"

The other kowtowed; announced, without the slightest shame or self-consciousness:

"It appears that I am vanquished. Behold in me your servant!"

Ching smiled ferociously.

"A treacherous, murderous servant," he remarked, "whose punishment shall be death."

"Yet whose death might be of less advantage to you than his life."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed!" Li Yuan coughed delicately. "A certain coarse-haired barbarian sent me to kill—not you . . ."

"But the foreign lady. I know. Well?"

"I failed."

"I," sardonically, "am aware of it."

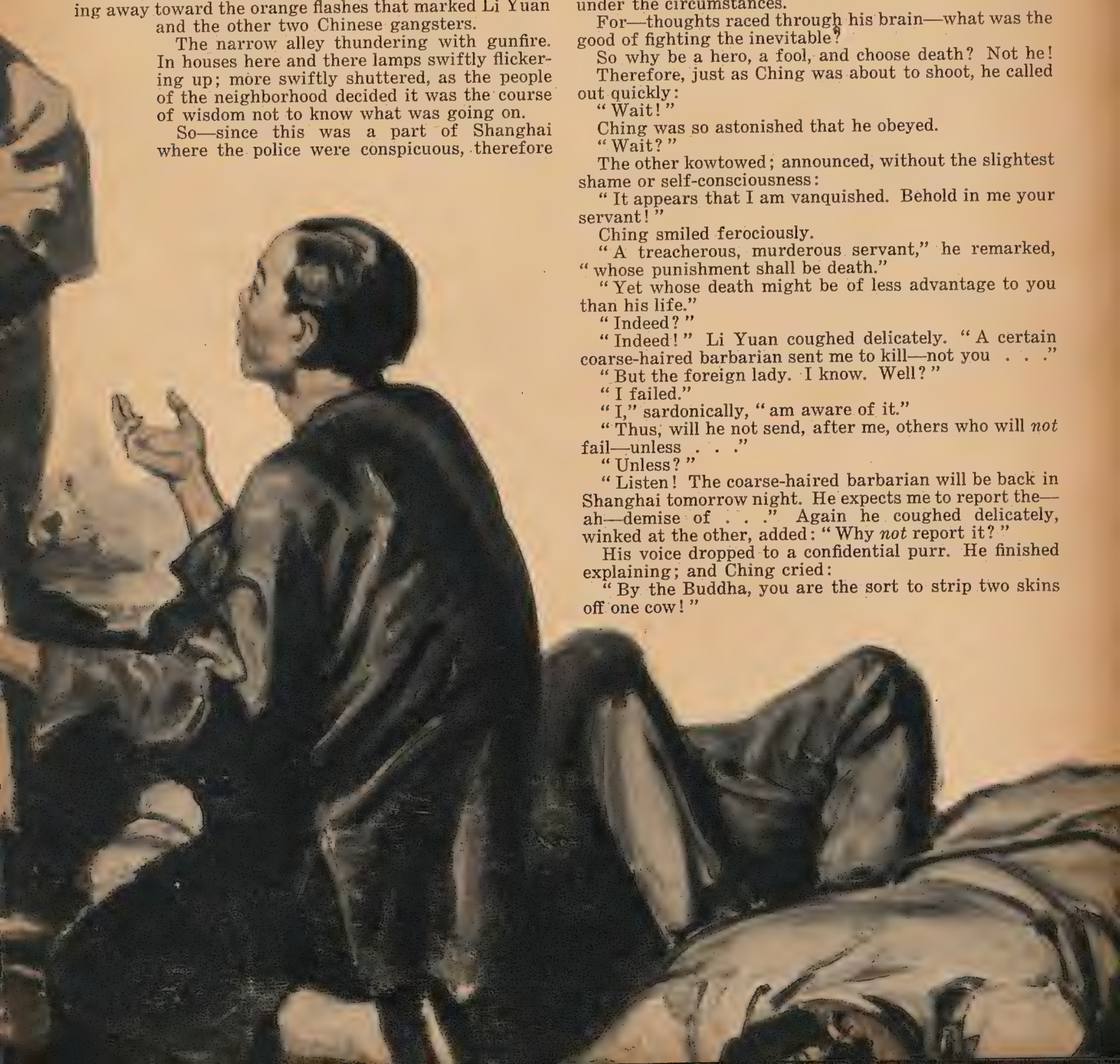
"Thus, will he not send, after me, others who will *not* fail—unless . . ."

"Unless?"

"Listen! The coarse-haired barbarian will be back in Shanghai tomorrow night. He expects me to report the—ah—demise of . . ." Again he coughed delicately, winked at the other, added: "Why *not* report it?"

His voice dropped to a confidential purr. He finished explaining; and Ching cried:

"By the Buddha, you are the sort to strip two skins off one cow!"



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"You approve?" smirked Li Yuan.

"I approve—and admire greatly."

"Thank you." A pause. "I have now your permission to return to my wretched home?"

"No."

Li Yuan sighed. There was still—irrefutable argument—the weapon gleaming in Ching's hand. And so the three of them went on their way and reached the inn of Ping Dee on the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree.

"We need two rooms," Ching informed the owner. "The best you have." And, pointing at Li Yuan, "My friend will pay."

EXCELLENT friends they appeared to be; closer than twin brothers rocked in the same cradle. For they remained together all that night and the next day. They never budged from their rooms. And when, late on the following evening, they walked out of the inn, leaving Kate behind, they were arm in arm. Nor, with Ching's loose sleeve serving as a cloak, could any one have told that the muzzle of his pistol was gently tickling the other's ribs just below the heart.

They came to the Cathay Hotel. There Pete, crooking a thumb at Ching, inquired:

"Who's the gorilla, Li?"

The latter glanced at Ching. The revolver was no longer tickling him. Still, he knew where it was, in a straight line with his stomach; and he replied:

"One of my—ah—agents."

"I thought so. And the dame?"

Li Yuan shrugged expressive shoulders.

"A dead horse," he quoted a proverb, "cannot eat grass, nor can a dead parrot chatter."

Pete laughed.

"Damned clever—these Chinese!" he commented. "Well, the chief'll be pleased. I'll send him a cable." He gave Li Yuan a thick wad of bank notes. "Here you are—one thousand smackers—guess you'll find it O. K."

"Many thanks, elegant mister!"

"Don't mention it, sweetheart!"

The two Chinese bowed. They left. And it was well past midnight when Ching arrived at the inn—without Li Yuan but with a handsome diamond-and-jade ring which had once graced the latter's pudgy hand, twinkling on his second finger.

Kate noticed it immediately.

"Where"—she asked, with the shadow of the answer trembling in her mind—"where is he?"

Ching smiled.

"A dead horse," he quoted the very proverb which, less than an hour earlier, had so amused Pete, "cannot eat grass, nor can a dead parrot chatter."

"You"—stammered Kate—"you mean you . . ."

"Yes."

She shuddered.

He calmly related what had happened at the Cathay; how Pete believed that she was dead and therefore no longer a danger to M'Leod. "Nor," he went on significantly, "is M'Leod any longer a danger to you."

From one of his sleeves he drew a match and a cigarette. He lit it, inhaled the smoke with evident enjoyment. A few seconds later he drew forth a roll of bank notes. He smoothed them out on the table. Some of them, Kate observed, were sticky, spotted dark red.

A murdered man's money.

Not murdered in a moment of passion but with chilly deliberation. . . .

So she reflected.

Her brain was in a turmoil. Her spine ran icy cold. She was close to hysteria.

Oh, she thought, the crimson, brutal violence that had tainted her life ever since that night, back home in Los Angeles, when she had left her little apartment for no better reason than to get beneath Bill's skin! . . .

She pulled herself together.

Facts, she told herself in that way she had—it was up to her to face facts. And yet—as she stared at him, her partner and ally, sitting there, turning over the blood-smeared bank notes with wetted thumb, his lips curled in a smile as he counted them—she felt another shudder of utter horror. Thus, in the years to come, she would often stare at him with this same shudder of horror. . . .

THE years to come.

The years that, slowly, did come—and, swiftly, became the past.

Years that—sure enough—brought achievement and fortune, if achievement and fortune thanks to a murdered man's money, Li Yuan's—which gave the initial chance to her partner—which enabled him to start a gambling place in the native city near the corner of North Szechuan Road and Jukong Alley.

It clicked from the very first. The Paradise—that's what they called it, as later on they used the same name for their famous cabaret on Thibet Road—had a novelty to offer; and the element of novelty, the curiosity and tickling of jaded palates it arouses, is as important for the success of a new fan-tan dive in Shanghai as for that of a new Chicago night club or, for that matter, of a new lobster-roll stand at Huckleberry Corners, Cape Cod.

Already on the day before the opening, the block where the Paradise was located was choked with a soft-slippered, murmurous throng of men. They looked at the building. They commented, speculated, swapped gossip.

Gossip anent the owners of the Paradise. Two owners, it appeared. A man and a woman.

And such a strange team.

"You are going to the opening tomorrow?"

"Decidedly—to lose either my heart or my purse. And you?"

"The same—although I wonder what my respected wife will say, should she find out. Her mouth—

ai-yai-yai!—is like a running tap."

"Stop the tap with your fist!" suggested a bachelor.

Laughter then.

More laughter, full-throated, delighted, the following evening when they crossed the threshold of the Paradise.

Loud exclamations of praise.

Ah, the elegance of the decorations. The walls covered with satin of a glorious violet, faintly dusted with gold. The large ebony-framed screen that was embroidered with conventionalized figures, black and purple and maroon, representing the *hei-song-che-choo*, the "spirits of the ink," household gods of the literati, a subtle compliment to appeal to the snobbery of the wealthy patrons who, many of them, had risen from the ranks of humble illiterate coolies. And, fluttering from the ceiling, four long streamers of pottery-red silk inscribed with quotations from the Chinese classics.

The first read: "Is virtue a thing remote?" The second: "I crave to be virtuous!" The third: "Lo and behold—virtue is at hand!" And the fourth: "What finer virtue than the pleasures of the senses!"

Laughter again.

"Ching Ling Hi," said Ng Gin, the wholesale grocer, "is a witty man. . . ."

"And a generous one," commented Han Yung, the real-estate operator.

HE pointed toward the long center table. A rich feast was spread there: wines from Canton and from the Yangtze, pots of aromatic Cloudy Mountain tea, melon soup and sweet-date soup and bird's-nest soup with pigeon eggs, stuffed quail, fried Kwangtze turtle, duck sweet and sour, sharks' fins floating in brown sauce, barbecued pork with bamboo shoots. A dozen other savory dishes. And Ching Ling Hi bowing deeply, with fingers clasped across his broad chest, and exclaiming:

"Stretch out your hands, O honorable merchants, and eat your fill! Be graciously pleased to accept the wretched hospitality of our unworthy and miserable house!"

Oh, yes—a free repast. A splendid repast. And it was Kate who had insisted on it, though her partner, greedy and inclined to pinch the pennies, had protested at the expense.

"Listen!" she had told him. "Take it from me, you've got to spend dough if you want to make dough. Can't catch suckers without bait, see?"

Finally he had given in. And he was glad of it tonight, as he heard the merchants praise his generosity; as, after a while, their stomachs pleasantly extended, they entered the back room, sat down, and began to gamble.

Kate watched—the same games which she had watched in the below-deck quarters of the coolies aboard the Semiramis. Fan-tan and mah-jongg, "ladies on horseback" and "patting butterflies" and "hi-ho

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flies the kite." Played here not for chipped copper bits but for round substantial yuan dollars and even for gold, while Ching collected the house percentage.

And the dice rolling. The tiles clicking and thudding. Men, with right thumb and left second finger, making the sign of the Dragon and the Crab as a protection against evil luck. Eager yellow hands curling like question marks, reaching, taking, wagering. Bland faces studying combinations. Stubborn Mongol brains reckoning the laws of chance and average.

And, occasionally, Kate going the rounds of the tables with cups of tea or potent lukewarm wine; stopping here to console loser and there to congratulate winner; replying to Chinese flatteries, subtle or coarse, with ready American wit and—to tell the truth—having a good time.

Oh, yes, the opening night of the Paradise was a success. It was three in the morning before the game broke up, before the last of the patrons, Ng Gin, the wholesale grocer, bowed to Kate, vowing that, by the Buddha, a glance from her blue, blue eyes was worth ten times—no, a hundred times—the sum he had lost! And presently she and Ching were alone.

The latter counted the gains.

"One hundred and fifty-one in first-touch sycees," he told her.

Then—queerly, or perhaps not queerly, since the man, though a ruthless gangster, was after all a Chinese, thus scrupulous in certain ways—he split the money into two equal piles and pushed one across the table toward his partner. A single yuan dollar was left.

"Toss for it?" he suggested.

"O. K."

She won. And a few minutes later, upstairs in her bedroom, she put her share in a cardboard box. On its cover, in her childish unformed handwriting, she scrawled:

"For Junior."

PLENTY more "For Junior" as time went on. The Paradise was crowded night after night, week after week, month after month; and Ching admitted Kate was the chief attraction, even more than the fact that gambling there was strictly on the square.

Indeed, by the end of the first year she had become a glamorous legend to the men of the Nantao district. Brains she had, charm, beauty, humor—four qualities dear to the Mongol heart. And since such things are done in China with ceremony and decorum, Yao Niang, the old woman whose profitable business it was to act as intermediary between pretty *ghee nius* and wealthy and wife-seeking merchants, would frequently call on Kate to praise this or that one of her customers.

There was, for instance, Ng Gin, the wholesale grocer. Or Smok Fat, the silk dealer. A most worthy and honorable *kuei jen*. Had he not offered—and, mind you, after less than three hours' bargaining—a delightful house and garden on Ping Vong Street, seven servants, an American automobile, and a string of pearls?

Smok Fat was old? Well, Yeh Ming-shen, on the other hand, was not.

Twenty-seven was the latter, and the only son of a very rich widow, and so well brought up!

Plenty similar proposals. But Kate remembered what Ching had told her on that tragic night in Singapore: that a clever woman had no need of removing her shoes. And so, being both shrewd and tactful, she succeeded in saying no again and again, without offending thin-skinned Mongol pride, and making friends instead of enemies.

Indeed she found it easier to handle the yellow men than the white.

The latter, after the World War, had arrived in Shanghai in droves.

All out after the easy money.

Making it. And of course spending it.

Spending it here and there. In restaurant and cabaret and dance hall and gambling place—including, of late, the one owned by Ching and Kate.

But the former was not satisfied. Like many a business man, he discovered that an increase in volume of trade meant an increase in overhead, what with having to enlarge the premises, hiring more and more help, and—he complained to Kate—paying graft.

Graft. That's what he minded most.

Only yesterday—which reminded him: Kate owed him half the amount—he had handed out fifty dollars to Hong Fah, the police magistrate who had threatened him that, unless he came through . . .

Yes! Had threatened *him*—Ching Ling Hi, the strong man! Ah—and no humor intended—was it not an outrage, a black and stinking shame?

The trouble was that he had no real capital.

The profits, a hundred today, a hundred and fifty tomorrow, were so petty that they attracted petty grafters because they thought him weak, unimportant. What he needed was a substantial sum—to give him a seat among the mighty and permit him to fight bribery in low places with bribery in high.

Fifty thousand would do for a starter.

"The power it would mean!" he exclaimed. "The golden power!"

He stared at Kate. His face looked dark and tense and cruel and curiously exalted.

How get it?

Perhaps, he wondered, one of the white men who frequented the Paradise. . . .

Suddenly came the memory of a name which, that last morning aboard the junk, Eng Hai had scrawled on a piece of paper, and he hurried to his room, found the paper, read the name.

Grover Cleveland Yat. Living, he recalled, somewhere in the French Concession. A rich young man, born and bred in America; thus, surely, not belonging to a Shanghai tong. Another patriot, according to Eng Hai; therefore, according to Ching, another fool. Doubly a fool, since he was a lover of women.

"Do not introduce him to the foreign lady," the captain had advised, "unless you wish to lose her. . . ."

Ching laughed. He went back downstairs.

"There's a man," he informed Kate, "who might be persuaded to invest capital in our enterprise."

"Who's the fall guy?"

"Grover Yat." Ching added that he did not know the latter personally; that it was up to her to bring him here late some evening.

"But I don't know him either."

"You can meet him. Are you not a woman—and a very pretty woman?"

"Thanks for the orchids. Even so, how am I . . ."

"What about Captain Townsend? He knows everybody."

"All right. Next time I see him, I'll have a talk with Tubby. . . ."

THAT'S what he was nicknamed: Tubby. Once upon a time he had been slim and elegant in the uniform of the Coldstreams; had been drummed out of the regiment because, in the misleadingly polite phraseology of His Majesty's army, he had played cards rather too well.

For a number of years he had lived in the Far East; had flourished for a while like the green bay tree, engaged in what he referred to as high finance, though others had a different name for it.

These days Tubby earned a most precarious living—as free-lance agent and runner-in for cheap curio stores and bookmakers and lottery touts. Too, for gambling places. And that's how he had got to know Kate and Ching, steering an occasional tourist to the Paradise and collecting a small commission.

Still, he was far from being unpopular among Shanghai's white residents. After all, the man was a local fixture; everybody knew him and he knew everybody.

For instance, in reply to Kate's question, righto!—he knew Grover Yat. Corkin' feller. . . .

Wanted to meet him, did she?

Easily done.

Yat almost every evening was at the Venus Café, not far from the Paradise, oglin' the gals and steppin' the tango—feller was quite Americanized—eh, what? And if Kate felt like anklin' over there and inhalin' a brace of quick uns—Tubby's treat of course. Only—with a cough, a glance at Ching, who was listening—he was a bit short of cash. If he could have a tenner—pay it back next month. . . .

Grudgingly Ching gave him the money.

"Thanks, old frankfurter," said

the Englishman; and to Kate: "Shall we go, darling?"

Less than half an hour later Kate and Tubby found themselves in the Venus Café. It was the usual sort of place, as usual in Shanghai as in Chicago's Loop, with dancing bodies spinning and whirling among the tables, a cacophony of shouting, swinging, hiccupy noises, a bray of jazz spurting erotically, a reek of stale alcohol, and a sting of perspiring perfumes. And less than an hour later—while Tubby, who had introduced them, was leaning against the bar, trying to sell a lottery ticket to a drunken but wary tourist from Maryland's Eastern Shore—Kate and Yat were like old friends.

Indeed, from the very first—and, in the course of the years, this feeling was destined to grow stronger and deeper—there was between these two a potent, throbbing current of sympathy, a glow in their souls when they were together. It had nothing to do with sex. It was simply that they liked each other unselfishly, as a man likes a man and a woman a woman.

Confidence there was. Profound mutual trust. And it seemed natural that in no time at all she should tell him about herself, her tragic past, her hope for the future.

Hope of love and of hate. Love for her little son and bitter searing hate against Donald M'Leod. She'd have to wait for both—sure—until she had the money. *Had* to have money. Oodles of it. But she'd get there.

She stared at Yat challengingly.

"You bet I'll get there!" she exclaimed.

HE inclined his head. Yes, he said, he was certain she would succeed. For on earth and in the heavens above was there anything more driving and powerful and irresistible than love blended to hate?

He knew. It was so with his own life. Love and hate were its twin motivating forces. Love of China and hate against her oppressors: the gangster nations, such as Japan, always eager, under the flimsiest pretext, to pounce upon China. And it would be worse now, since a few weeks ago, early in March of this year of 1925, wise, gentle Sun Yat-sen had died; and Chiang Kai-shek, the coming man, was not yet ready, had not yet made his peace with the freebooting Manchurian war lords.

He himself, Grover Yat added, was all for Chiang Kai-shek. Was, in fact, working for him. . . .

"But," interrupted Kate, "what d'you care? American-born, aren't you?"

Yes, he admitted, he was a native of Richmond, Virginia, had been educated at Harvard, and was in some ways as American as Calvin Coolidge. And it was just *because* he was an American, because he believed in liberty and justice and the average decencies, that he was dreaming of and working for a China that some day would rise in its wrath and its

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might, would throw off the galling alien shackles and be free and happy and prosperous.

He raised his champagne glass.

"Let's drink to China!"

"Down the hatch, brother!"

The music blared out. They danced, then returned to their table; and quite suddenly—she had nearly forgotten it—she recalled why she had come to the Venus Café; mentioned that Ching would like to meet Yat on business.

The latter smiled.

"Is that the reason," he inquired, "why you came here—so as to . . ."

"So as to get to know you," she confessed. "Put-up job. But—honest—I'm glad now I got to know you. I mean to say—I'm—well—happy."

"Same here." He gave a little laugh.

Their hands touched lightly. Oh, yes, they liked each other tremendously.

"You'll speak to my partner, won't you?"

"Very well. I'll have a talk with him one of these days."

"Why not tonight?" She consulted her watch. "Get it over with. It's half past four in the morning. Our joint'll be just about closed."

"All right. Let's go."

They left the Venus Café, hailed passing rickshas; and "*Hai! Oho! Hai!*" rose the coolies' traditional plaintive cry as they trundled them up to the Paradise.

There, with the last patrons gone, the shutters were being put up by Wu Tsung and Wu Wong, two gigantic Kansu roughnecks whom Ching Ling Hi had hired recently. Twin brothers they were; black-turbaned, being Moslems; hook-nosed and copper-skinned, having Tartar blood in their veins; crooked-mouthed and crooked-brained; coarse and braggart of speech; brawny to the ankles; cruel after the manner of their breed.

Yes, said Wu Tsung in his loutish Kansu accents, Ching was still awake. He would announce the visitor.

A few minutes later he brought word that the master would be highly honored. And so, side by side, Kate and Yat went up the stairs. They reached the landing. She pointed left, to Ching's room; told Yat that hers was across the hall.

"Don't let my partner sell you any wooden dimes," she advised.

They smiled at each other, shook hands. She entered her room, undressed, went to bed.

She thought of Grover Yat. Swell guy. And a friend. She needed a friend. Ching was O. K. in his way. But Yat was different. She and he—Chink or not—spoke the same language.

She yawned but was not able to sleep immediately. Too excited.

SHE raised herself on her elbows, looked out, through the window, upon North Szechuan Road. The sky was like tightly stretched purple velvet, dipping at the horizon—with morning near—to silver-dusted rose and heliotrope. Across the deserted street the houses were huddled, shapeless. Silence lay over them. The enormous vibrating silence of the Orient.

Not a sound—except from Ching's room a dim slurred drifting of voices. Her partner's and Yat's. And after a while, the former speaking a little more loudly, rather angrily:

"But—I assure you—the profits will be great. . . ."

Then Yat's answering words, also more loudly:

"I'm telling you again—my only interest is the welfare of China. . . ."

"Because you're a fool. . . ."

"Possibly. . . ."

"But—listen . . ."

A tense wiped-over mumble—and Kate wished she hadn't given in to Ching. Here he was trying to bully Grover Yat. Well—she was convinced—he'd have his work cut out. The other couldn't be bullied so easily—not with that square jaw of his, those frank, fearless eyes.

Swell guy, she thought again, as she fell asleep. And she slept for quite a while, did not know how long, when suddenly she was awakened by a sharp cry. . . .

AT first she was not worried. North Szechuan Road it was, the heart of Shanghai, night. She was used to this sort of thing; told herself that presently there would be a thud, a death gurgle, followed by silence. One of those dark sardonic Chinese mysteries, clouted out of nothing, because of nothing. Like the loose ends of a tale with no climax to tie them. Like a grim jest without a point.

So once more she closed her eyes; then sat up, startled, as the cry was repeated, as it feathered into a moan, as at the same moment she realized that it came not from the outside but from close by; that it came—yes!—from the direction of Ching's room. . . .

She jumped from her bed. Rapidly she crossed the hall. She reached the farther door; stood there for a second or two, trying to control her quivering nerves.

She heard a whisper, faint and agonized and—so queerly—lit with high courage:

"You cannot persuade me, Ching. . . ."

"Fifty thousand dollars. . . ."

"Not a cent. All my money is for China. . . ."

A pause—and Ching's voice:

"Bring the candle a little nearer, Wu Tsung. But slowly—slowly. . . ."

"I know." Wu Tsung laughed loudly. "*Hayah.*"

And then—not waiting to find out whether it was locked or not—Kate threw herself against the door. It splintered, gave; and she screamed in horror at what she saw.

Yat stretched out on a cot. His arms pinioned by Wu Wong. His spread-eagled legs in Ching's grip. And Wu Tsung bending, holding a candle in his hand.

She rushed forward. Her fists—so small and ineffectual—went like flails. Ineffectual, too, were her curses.

"Oh!" she yelled. "Swine! Ah"—ludicrously aiming a blow at Ching—"you low-down, slit-eyed, stinking heel of a . . ."

She ran to the window to throw it open, shout for help.

Wu Tsung, who had dropped the candle, intercepted her. He grabbed her by the shoulder; was sent spinning an instant later by Ching.

"Never mind, Wu Tsung," said Ching. "She will do nothing. It is only make-believe. Such clever make-believe. . . ."

Kate was amazed. She stared at the other.

"M-make-believe?" she stammered.

He laughed. Brittle laughter that made her blood run cold.

"Ah," he said, "clever, clever little partner! What would I do without you? Was it not you who persuaded Yat to come here in the middle of the night? Who, with your woman's wiles . . ."

Her fist struck Ching across the face.

"Not true!" she cried.

She threw herself on her knees before the cot.

"I swear," she sobbed, "it's not true! You—you believe me—don't you, Yat?"

But the man had fainted. . . .

Will Yat believe Kate? If he does, what will be the outcome between Ching and himself? Dare Ching torture the rich Chinese American still further for the gold he craves? Or can Yat turn the tables on him? Get next week's Liberty for a surprising answer and greater thrills than ever in this most dramatic story.

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WHY I AM *Still Investigating* THE LINDBERGH CASE

BY EVALYN WALSH McLEAN
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READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

In Aiken, Means told Mrs. McLean what purported to be the inside story of the Lindbergh kidnaping. He said the baby had been taken, via the Delaware River, to a boat at sea anchored off Norfolk. It was on March 22 that Means told this story—three days before the similar one told by John Hughes Curtis of Norfolk leaked out to the newspapers. Means also said that Colonel Lindbergh had appointed a negotiator who would probably hand over $50,000 to somebody in the dark, and receive in return nothing but false instructions. This was some time before Jafsie Condon's activities became known to the public.

On March 23 "Number Nineteen" phoned to Aiken for "Hogan" (Means) to come to Orange, New Jersey, at once. From Orange, Means phoned back to Mrs. McLean that "new elements" were causing delay. On March 27 some woman phoned and told her, in the code, that Means said the baby was well. When he returned to Aiken she demanded less code and more action, stipulating that in future Number Nineteen be spoken of as "the Fox." On March 30 Means told her that the baby was being taken to Juares, Mexico; that he himself was going to El Paso, just across the river and border from Juares; and that she must come too. Because of a situation in her family affairs which she feared the rascally Means might try to exploit to his own advantage, she refused to go anywhere near Mexico. Then he suggested that Miss Nelson go as her representative. Miss Nelson being willing, Mrs. McLean assented.

On April 4 Miss Nelson phoned her, from El Paso, an assurance that the baby really was in that vicinity even though Miss Nelson had not seen it. Mrs. McLean decided to go down, taking her maid—and, for self-defense, a fountain pen filled with cyanide! She arrived in El Paso on April 7, and Means told her the gang he was in touch with had got the $50,000 from Jafsie in the Bronx; but the baby was down here, right across the border. When would it be delivered? His answer was an excuse for more delay.

PART SIX—THE GANG ACROSS THE RIVER

MEANS left, saying he was going across the border to obtain the latest information about the activities of the gang, and that he would return to the El Paso hotel that night. After he had left I had a long talk with Miss Nelson. I asked her why she was so certain that the baby was in the vicinity, and she replied that she had just come to believe implicitly in Gaston Means, that was all.

I was worried almost to distraction, for, so long as Miss

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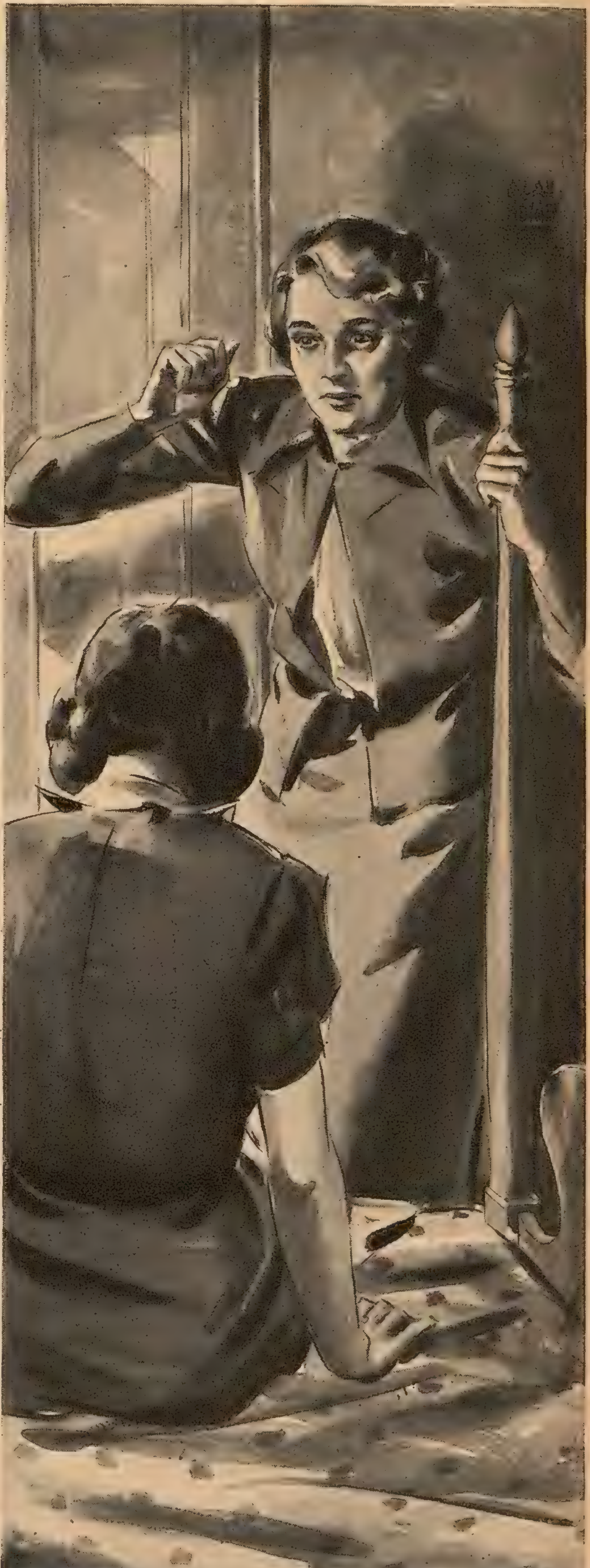

She didn't move and she didn't answer me. She had the blankest look I had ever seen on any one.

Nelson no longer looked upon Means with suspicion, that meant that one of my most valuable sources of protection no longer existed.

Next I had a talk with Inga, my maid. I told her that I was more fearful than ever about the entire situation, especially since Miss Nelson had apparently been completely won over to Means' view, and said:

"Inga, don't *you* desert me now. You're all I have down here."

Poor Inga, frightened half to death by the whole thing anyway, stammered that she would stand by me and watch out for me, little realizing what was in store for her within thirty-six hours.

THAT night Means joined Miss Nelson, Inga, and myself in my sitting room. The situation "across the river," as he chose to refer to Mexico, wasn't so good, he said. The gang was still quarreling among themselves over the division of the prospective spoils, and they had gotten word that the man to whom Jafsie had handed Lindbergh's fifty thousand was in Chicago, having trouble in unloading the ransom. On top of all that, Means disclosed that the baby was ill.

"Why hasn't Miss Nelson been taken to that baby, if it's sick?" I demanded.

Means sighed. "The gang will stand for no outsiders of any kind," he said.

"But you could take Miss Nelson to the hide-out blindfolded," I said. "You know that she can be trusted; you also know that she understands babies thoroughly."

Means said that he himself didn't know just where the hide-out was. His contacts were all made in Juares dives. "Those men won't let me near the baby," he explained. "And if I can't get near it, certainly Number Fifteen can't."

I told Means to get across that bridge and make an attempt to see the baby and report back the next day. The report next day made me more impatient than ever.

"It is impossible for me to get anywhere near the child, Eleven," said the specialist in treachery. "The members of the gang are getting ugly. I'm afraid that if I want to get to that child I'll have to shoot my way through."

"Means," I said, "I don't want any shooting. But do you mean to sit there and tell me that, with the hundred thousand dollars in cash that those men know you have for them, quarrels among themselves are preventing this deal from going through, and meanwhile up in Jersey a mother is beside herself with grief and anxiety?"

Means nodded.

"Now let me understand you, Means," I continued. "You say you are in touch with this gang, from time to time, over the river. And, as I get it, it is a question of numbers. Sometimes you are with several of them at one time, and while you know that you are not very far away from the baby, it is nevertheless impossible for you to get any closer to the child because of the presence of those men. Is that about it?"

"That's it exactly, Eleven. And I wish you would call me Hogan instead of my real name."

"All right, Hogan. Now, tell me this: Suppose you were able to somehow dope the drinks of all except one of these men and could put them out of the picture for the time being. Then do you think that you could handle the remaining man in such a way that you might stand a chance of finding the baby's hide-out and actually laying hands on it and bringing it back?"

"I think I could," said Means.

"And you think it would be possible for you to slip a little sleeping potion into their drinks?"

"I've done it many times in the past," he said.

"All right, Means," I said. "I'm going to give you some of it. If you find yourself in a position whereby all that stands between you and the actual recovery of the baby is one or more of these blackguards, holding things up because of money arguments, I want you to use this stuff I'm going to give you. If you use it, I'll guarantee you that it will produce quick action."

And so I went into the bathroom and came out with a little medicine vial and handed it to Gaston Means. Once more I said I didn't want him to use any of the contents of the vial under any circumstances unless he found himself in a spot whereby removing interference would just about guarantee delivery of the baby.

I had thought this particular business out very carefully. If all of Means' activities added up to nothing more than another hoax, then he would have no reason to slip the stuff into the drinks of anyone. If, on the other hand, he was actually dealing with a gang of men who were callous to such a thing as a mother's broken heart, I sincerely felt that nothing would be too bad for such fiends. That is why I felt no emotion over what might happen to such men. And plenty was going to happen to any one who took a drink into which some of that stuff had been slipped—for it was the cyanide of potassium that the physician had given to me in Aiken.

Means paced up and down the sitting room, deep in thought. He brought out his little black book, put the point of a pencil to his lips, and squinted that squint of his.

"What's all the mystery, Means?" I asked. "What's on your mind now?"

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you and I could go over to see some friends of mine at Fort Bliss, and let everybody in the hotel know about it. Then, if any newspapermen are following me, they'll think I'm down here on some government mission and get thrown off the track."

"Nothing doing," I said. "I don't leave this hotel under any circumstances—unless it is to go somewhere and get that baby."

Means was still disturbed. He insisted upon somehow making a Fort Bliss tie-up to allay suspicion. He was, he said, a very good friend of the commander of the fort—a gentleman I didn't happen to know. And also a good friend of the commander's daughter.

"All right, Means," I suggested. "Why don't you have the commander and his daughter, and the whole fort if necessary, come over here? You could arrange for the visit to be known down in the lobby, and if any reporters are around they'd pick up that information and it would serve the same purpose as our going to the fort."

"Eleven," he said, "that's a bully idea. Bully!"

SO that night Miss Nelson and I had four visitors and Means in my sitting room. The scoundrel appeared with two men and two girls. One of the girls was introduced as the daughter of the commander of Fort Bliss, and one of the men as an officer at the fort.

The moment I laid eyes on the quartet I knew they were impostors. The two women had all earmarks of being ladies of the evening. The girl who was supposed to be the commander's daughter had flaming red hair and a somewhat worn velvet evening gown designed to reveal what she thought were her charms, and the other girl was of the same type.

The man who was supposed to be an army officer was gray-haired and rather distinguished looking and pretty smooth, and I figured he was perhaps a confidence man. The second man was a young, dark, greasy-haired character who looked as if he might be a gigolo.

Just what Means' idea was in bringing this outrageous quartet to my room I've never discovered. But, anyway, a person can stand just so much and no more. And so it was with me that night. My intelligence was insulted, and my pride pricked, to think that Means and these four characters thought that I was being deceived.

Now, on the way to El Paso I had bought at random several books and magazines with which to divert my mind during the long monotonous trip. Somehow or other I found, after getting on the train, that I had purchased, among other things, a trashy novel about red-light life and ladies of the evening. After a glance or two at it I had laid it aside in disgust. But I had neglected to leave it behind on the train, and Inga had packed it just before we got to Texas. So I got the book, and just as the "commander's daughteer" was leaving that night, I called her aside, handed her the book, and said: "Here's a little present for you, dearie. I think you'll understand all about it."

The girl glanced through the book, saw what its subject was, gave me a nasty look, and walked away.

The next morning — Saturday, April 9— Means appeared with the Fox. Obviously the cyanide hadn't been used yet. It was my second meeting with the gentleman who said he was one of the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby, and by this time I was pretty well out of patience.

" See here, you," I said. " What in hell is the idea of all this delay? "

Such talk may not have been becoming to one who is supposed to be a lady, but I had decided to speak to these people in language that they could understand.

The Fox didn't answer but peered around the sitting room. He seemed to be very upset about something.

" I suppose you want to look through the rooms," I said, " to make certain you are not being overheard."

" I would like to do just that," said the Fox.

I led him through the rooms, and he found Miss Nelson and Inga in an adjoining room. He recalled Miss Nelson, of course, but he had not seen Inga before.

" Who is this? " he said.

Means explained to the Fox's satisfaction.

Then I asked him again the why and wherefore of the long delay.

" I've got to protect the gang," he said. " We can't take a chance on turning the baby over unless we're sure we're protected on every angle."

I LOST my temper and attempted to slap his face, but he moved his head and my hand struck his shoulder.

" Fox," I said, " stop this business of telling me how you crooks should be protected. I am protecting all of you for the sake of that poor woman up in New Jersey. It so happens that General Pershing is a friend of mine and I have his private telephone number and could get him very quickly. Once I told him about you and the rest of that gang of blackguards, he would turn all of Fort Bliss out within an hour and all of you would be caught and run in. The only reason I'm not doing just that right now is because I don't want to put that baby's life in jeopardy. Means, here, has—"

" Hogan, if you please, Eleven," Means interrupted.

" Hogan, here, has a hundred thousand dollars to turn over to you blackguards, and I can't see why you can't straighten things out among yourselves, turn over the book, collect that money, and get this thing over with."

The Fox was taking the tongue-lashing I was giving him much more calmly than I figured he would. As I stood there studying him, I somehow got the feeling that my words were perhaps not having the impression on him that they ordinarily would have had, for the reason that whatever he had on his mind was of such importance that anything else was comparatively unimportant. Then I got a sinking feeling as I thought of something else.

" Fox," I asked, looking the man in the eyes, " is that baby dead? "

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That jarred the Fox out of his preoccupation. "No," he said. "Oh, no, nothing like that, Eleven. The kid's all right now."

"Listen," I said. "I think maybe you've been double-crossed on the other end, and that that's why you're so scared. Now, I'm leaving on the nine thirty train, and—"

"When?" asked Means in astonishment.

"Right now—this morning."

Means looked at his watch. It was eight thirty then.

"But, Eleven," he said, "you can't do that."

"Why not, Means?" I asked. "Miss Nelson, here, will remain, and the book can be turned over to her. I arrived here the day before yesterday only because I was led to understand that the book would be turned over to me upon my arrival. And now I find nothing but delay."

"But you can't go, Eleven." Means' tone was pleading.

"I must go," I said. "If I stay here any longer, I myself will put the child's life in danger—if this gang really has the child and if it is still alive."

"What do you mean?" asked Means. "I don't get it."

"You should. Don't you realize that any unexplained and prolonged absence of mine is going to make my lawyers and my friends suspicious, and that the first thing they'd think of would be to go straight to J. Edgar Hoover?"

Means turned on that hateful squint of his. "You're right, at that, Eleven," he said.

That was the arrangement, then. Miss Nelson was to remain behind and accept the baby, and to keep in constant touch with me regarding progress.

I WENT into one of the bedrooms and told Inga to pack up. I didn't look at the maid as I gave her the instructions, but busied myself with other details relative to getting away in the short time that was left. But in a little while I became conscious of the fact that Inga was just sitting on the side of the bed, doing nothing.

"Inga," I said, still not looking at her, "we've got to move fast. That train leaves in forty-five minutes."

The maid didn't move and she didn't answer me. Alarmed, I crossed the room and looked at her. She had the blankest look I have ever seen on anybody's face.

"Inga," I said, "what's the matter?"

With an effort, she tilted her head and looked up at me. Her lips moved, but stopped and closed again before she uttered a word.

I called to Miss Nelson. "Take a look at Inga, here," I said when the nurse came into the room. "What can be wrong with her?"

Miss Nelson examined Inga, spoke to her, and succeeded in getting Inga to say that nothing was wrong, that she was just sleepy and would be all right in a little while. Now, I'd seen many sleepy people before and so had Miss Nelson, and we both knew that Inga was considerably more than merely sleepy. "Mrs. McLean," said Miss Nelson at length, "Inga's been doped."

Then is when the whole room started to spin around. Who had doped Inga, and why? Quickly I recollected just what had happened when Means and the Fox had been there. Neither of them had had the opportunity to dope the maid, for I had been right there looking on when they were in the same room as Inga.

While Inga still remained in a daze, I did the packing myself. I wanted to get out of there, and take Inga with me. So, accompanied by Miss Nelson, we got to the railroad station a few minutes before the train was due to pull out. I had Miss Nelson's assurance that she was capable of taking care of herself, and that she would be very careful to see that everything possible was done to bring about the return of the baby.

Once the train had started, I sank back in a chair, exhausted and terrified. I was wondering what to do about Inga when she came into my stateroom and said, "Madam, I have a confession to make to you."

Well, that was something of a relief anyway—the fact that Inga had now regained sufficient control of herself to speak.

"What is it, Inga?"

"Madam, you may not know it," said the maid, "but all night Thursday and all last night I couldn't sleep a wink. I was so afraid! So I took some of your sleeping pills that the doctor gave you if you were nervous and couldn't get rest."

"But, Inga, those sleeping pills are mild and harmless. They can be bought in any drugstore."

"I thought so, too, but they weren't."

"You're only supposed to take two, of course, Inga. How many did you take?"

"Oh, I wanted to make sure to sleep, so I wouldn't know how frightened I was, madam. So I took ten."

At least the mystery of Inga's doping was solved, and I felt a little better knowing for certain that Gaston Means had had nothing to do with it.

That afternoon I bought a newspaper at a station stop, and what did I notice in the current story of the Lindbergh crime but that the fifty thousand dollars that Jafsie had tossed over the cemetery wall had been marked. That is to say, the serial numbers of the bills had been carefully noted.

I was certain now that the fact that the bills had been marked had been the reason why the Fox had been so nervous when I had talked with him in El Paso. If the gang he was connected with had that fifty thousand and had learned somehow that it was marked money, naturally they would have been jittery.

Of course I was terribly suspicious when I returned to 2020 Massachusetts Avenue in Washington after stopping at Aiken en route to pick up the children. On the way back I had had a pretty good opportunity to size up the whole situation, and I became more and more convinced that Gaston Means might be perpetrating the biggest hoax in his life.

And, just as I had suspected, my lawyers, who had tried to get in contact with me in Aiken during the last two days of my absence, had become suspicious too, and were on the point of going to J. Edgar Hoover, when I phoned them from Aiken. Of course I still didn't let my lawyers get an inkling of what was going on.

The very night of my return to Washington, after I had made several calls to Miss Nelson in El Paso and received no news, I received a call from none other than the Fox. I knew he couldn't be very far from Washington, for I heard him deposit two coins in the phone box, and from the sound of them they were nickels.

"Eleven," he said excitedly, "where's Hogan?"

I told him I didn't know, that I hadn't seen Hogan or heard from him since he had left with the Fox in El Paso.

"Well, when you see him," came the ominous message, "tell him for me that I'm going to blow his head off. He's a double-crossing ———!"

With that the Fox hung up.

I called Means' home and Mrs. Means answered. She told me she didn't know where Bud, as she called him, was, but that she would tell him to get in touch with me when she heard from him.

THE next day Means phoned. He wanted to come right over. I told him to, by all means. The scoundrel looked as if he had been through the mill. He said he had flown to Chicago from El Paso with the Fox, and there contacted the member of the gang who found himself stuck with forty-nine of the fifty thousand dollars of marked bills that Jafsie had given him. The man in Chicago, it seemed, had gotten rid of a thousand dollars of the ransom.

Means said that the kidnapers had now decided that they wanted not only my hundred thousand but what they called "clean" money for the Jafsie ransom. "And they're sore at Lindbergh for marking that money. I had to convince them all over again that your hundred thousand isn't marked."

Means said he and the Fox had quarreled over this, Means insisting that the baby be turned over to Miss Nelson for my hundred thousand, and that the kidnapers make a deal somehow with the Jafsie money later.

"The Fox and I got into quite a fight about that," Means disclosed, "and we split up in Chicago."

I told him about the call I had received from the Fox.

"It's all O. K. now, Eleven," said Means. "I've seen the Fox and straightened the thing out."

"Well, what's the next move, Means?" I said, and he couldn't have helped seeing the suspicion in my face.

"Well," said Means, "the first thing on the mind of the gang—and I'm afraid we've got to play the game their way—is to get some clean money for that stuff Jafsie threw over the wall. When that deal is made, then we'll get around to the book and the hundred thousand."

"Gaston Means," I said, staring at the man as hard as I could, "have you still got that money of mine?"

"Me?" he asked. "Your money? Why, certainly."

"Where is it?"

"It's in a safe down at our homestead in Concord, and has been since right after you saw it in my home that day." Means looked hard at me now. "You don't think, Eleven," he said softly, "that I would have taken that money to Texas with me, do you—and run the chance of having it hijacked from me down there? Not on your life! You don't know Gaston B. Means."

"Means," I said, "this thing has gone far enough. I want that money back—or the baby. I don't want you to bring it here. Turn it over to Father Hurney. He'll keep it until that baby is returned."

"I was about to suggest that very thing," said the blackguard. "In fact, I would be relieved if I was not responsible for such a sum of money in my possession."

"What about this deal for the Jafsie money, Means?"

"They're willing to sell the forty-nine thousand that remains for thirty-five thousand."

"And I suppose the thirty-five thousand is to be taken out of my hundred thousand?"

Means looked surprised. "On the contrary," he said. "That hundred thousand is not to be touched under any circumstances. The moment a deal for the Jafsie money goes through, the hundred thousand might be needed on a moment's notice, for the book will then be returned. I found out in Chicago that the Jafsie money is what has held the whole thing up."

"Well," I asked, "who's going to put up the thirty-five thousand? I haven't got that much in cash."

"Don't worry about that, Eleven; I think I can borrow it from a bookmaker friend of mine."

"Oh," I said, "I begin to see the light. And then you can return the forty-nine thousand to Colonel Lindbergh, get forty-nine thousand of good money in return, and be in fourteen thousand dollars on the deal."

"Not at all," said Means convincingly. "This is the way I want this thing worked out. You seem to be suspicious of me, Eleven, and I'm going to prove to you that I'm on the square this time. First of all, I am going to Concord and bring back the hundred thousand and turn it over to Father Hurney. Then, when I make the deal myself for the Jafsie money, I am going to turn that over to Father Hurney, too.

"You see," he continued, "I told you that boy of mine meant more to me than anything in the world, and that he was the safety valve in this whole deal. And before we're through you'll find out how true my words were."

As Gaston Means left my home that day I was certainly puzzled. Regardless of how suspicious his previous actions might have been, certainly this latest plan looked very reasonable, especially that part concerning the return of my money, and also the turning over of the Jafsie money to Father Hurney. Then, too, I took heart when I considered the fact that, after all, all Gaston Means would have to have done, had he wanted to cheat me out of that money, would have been to say he had turned it over to men representing themselves as the kidnapers. That would not have been according to our original plan—turning over the money without first getting the baby—but nevertheless it would have been an "out" for Gaston Means, and never in any court could he have been convicted of a crime.

And so I sat there wondering what under heaven the Genius of Evil would do next, little realizing that I was sitting on a keg of powder due to go off very shortly.

Was Means to succeed in borrowing thirty-five thousand dollars from any one who really knew him? How was he to turn his complicated but impressive explanation into an attempt at a further outrageous swindle? And on what "keg of powder" was Mrs. McLean to find herself sitting? In Liberty next week she will tell you!

Dear Lonely Hearts,
BUT JANIE! THE TOWN'S FULL OF NICE YOUNG PEOPLE! YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY!
OH, DAD, I JUST DON'T SEEM TO KEEP FRIENDS!
LOOK HERE, YOUNGSTER! DO YOU THINK THE TROUBLE COULD BE—WELL, BAD BREATH? ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH ASKING YOUR DENTIST ABOUT, ISN'T IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BEAUX, JANIE! NO WONDER MY FRIENDS COMPLAIN THAT THIS LINE IS ALWAYS BUSY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

SPLIT a genuine automobile right down the middle. Put one of the halves in a fur-store window, open side out. Have an elegant wax mannequin seated in the car, wrapped in the swellest of ermine coats. . . . That's an example of William Okie's vivid window-dressing technique. Moreover, the sliced auto he used was an exact replica of Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler's own car.

We all get so much pleasure out of window shopping, that I think Mr. Okie is a man of special interest to us. Imagination, surprise, and a great deal of human understanding go into his work. Famous for displaying jewels are his miniature window theaters built so small that passers-by must come close and peek in. . . . "That's the secret," he told me. "Everybody loves a peep show—particularly the girls."

Recognized now as a master at the art of dramatizing luxury merchandise, he himself is an accomplished goldsmith, painter, designer. The magnificent J. Pierpont Morgan jewel collection at the American Museum of Natural History has been arranged in exquisite little doll-sized stage settings by Mr. Okie. It's a great sight, if you admire precious stones.

Like so many true success stories, that of William Bayard Okie, Jr. (his full name), began with an episode of failure. As a young jewelry salesman, he was a complete flop. Just to be considerate, the boss let him try his hand at window dressing. And his career was made from that day. . . . Sometimes his ideas aren't easy to carry out. For a winter window to exhibit rare rubies, he employed ripe pomegranates, cut open, spilling their red seeds among the red gems. Had to import the fruit at that season, and do the window all over fresh every night.

"Wait! Are your hands clean?"

☆ With half the world fighting undeclared wars — Spain, China, Palestine —there are countless human tragedies in the United States that do not reach our newspapers. I know an American lady, more than ninety years old, who has fled from Barcelona after more than fifty years there. She has outlived all her American relatives, so there is no one to whom she can turn. I know the mother of a China mission nurse who hasn't heard from her daughter in nearly two years. I know families here, both Jew and Arab, of young men who are living dangerously in Palestine for their ideals. When I meet these people and see the worry in their eyes, the blessing of our peace comes home to me.

☆ Talking with a ballet teacher on the subject of graceful hands, I learned three important *don'ts*. . . . "When you're sitting down," he said, "don't let your hands hang loose from the arms of the chair; bad for circulation, and looks sloppy." . . . Then he said, "Don't make fists of your hands by clenching them tight in your lap or on the table; fists aren't pretty." . . . And he said, "If you must cross your arms, don't tuck your hands under them; let your hands lie naturally along your arms."

☆ This summer I met a canny young lady—third year at college — who told me that she and her girl friends depend on their brothers for more reliable advice than they receive from their parents. I asked what kind of advice. "Everything," she said. "About men and about other girls—the ones to trust and the ones not to trust. Even about clothes. Our brothers know how a girl ought to look, because they compare us with their own girls."

A logical point of view, as far as it goes. There are still a few parental wisdoms, however. Yet a girl must be very unwise if she doesn't appreciate, today, the advantage of having brothers.

☆ There's a delicious affinity between the aromatic zest of coffee and the mellow tang of rum. A dessert of my own combines both these flavors with gelatin and a rich macaroon cream. It is a favorite among my guests.

First dissolve 4 teaspoons granulated gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Now add 1 cup boiling water and 1½ tablespoons sugar. Let cool 30 minutes, then put in 2 cups *very strong* coffee, black and warm and clear; also ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Stir well. Pour into an attractive ring mold. Chill at least 5 hours. The rum-and-macaroon cream should be made fresh, just before serving. . . . Whip 1½ cups cream. Sweeten slightly and flavor to taste with any good brand of rum. Mix in 1 cup crumbled macaroons. . . . Turn the jellied coffee out on a chilled plate.

Fill center of ring with cream. Serve at once.

☆ Enjoyed reading Hold That Tiger, the biography of Mabel Stark, lady animal trainer, as told to Gertrude Orr. (Published by the Caxton Press.)

☆ Surely there is no reason why sailors on ships should not be entitled to as many comforts as possible, yet I couldn't help giggling when I heard some of the requests that have just been granted to the men in the British navy.

Four of the new improvements are as follows: . . . Longer hammocks for tall sailors; decks that need no scrubbing; padded stools and cushions for mess seats; electric toasters for petty officers. . . . Refused was the request that full-size bathtubs be taken aboard for petty officers. . . . It seems *so* domesticated!

A Tragic Queen Looks For Love

Hollywood makes a gentle dreamer of history's Marie Antoinette, but reincarnates her in a fine performance and a moving, powerful film

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR O STAR—VERY POOR

MARIE ANTOINETTE

★ ★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut, Gladys George, Henry Stephenson, Cora Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Anthony Warde, Leonard Penn, Albert Van Dekker, Alma Kruger, Joseph Calleia, George Meeker, Scotty Beckett, Marilyn Knowlden. Screen play by Claudine West, Donald Ogden Stewart, and Ernest Vajda based in part on the book by Stefan Zweig. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 158 minutes.

HERE you have the collapse of divine right and the birth of world restlessness presented in terms of people rather than spectacle. Great mobs attack the Bastille, swarm into the palace at Versailles and scream for blood at the guillotine, but this remains essentially the intimate story of Marie Antoinette, the Austrian princess lonely for love and companionship, and her dim-witted husband, the Dauphin, who becomes Louis XVI of France. It ends when the people of Paris seize the power and send the two to the guillotine, but not until Marie Antoinette has had one glimpse of real love in the person of a young Swedish prince.

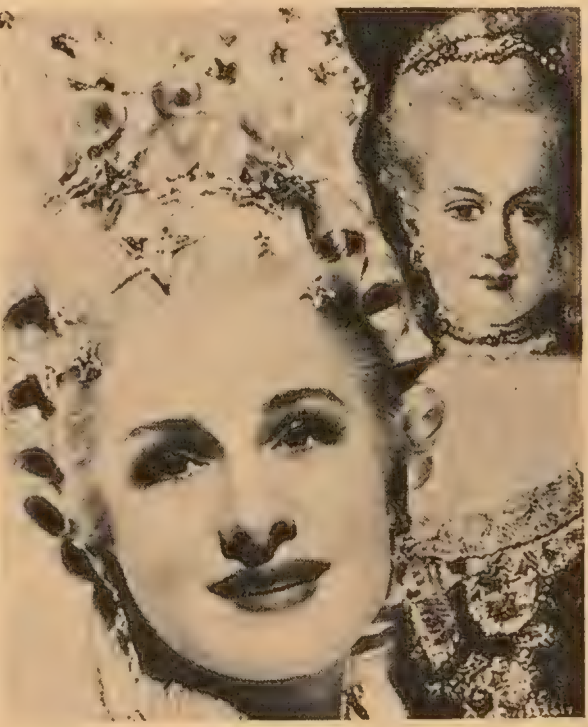
History does not reveal Louis XVI to be the royal moron painted here by the film. Actually he tried to meet conditions—but failed. And Marie Antoinette was extravagant, wasteful, frivolous, indiscreet, and a political plotter. Her one redeeming characteristic was her bravery in facing the guillotine. The film offers Marie Antoinette as a sympathetic little dreamer shunted around by a worldly, artificial court.

For all its great length, this filming of history moves with pace, power, and absorbing interest. Norma Shearer does the best work of her career as the little Austrian dropped into a mad, fantastic maelstrom. She is at once appealing, lovely, and believable. The performance of Robert Morley is superb as the dullard Louis XVI, even if he isn't history. Tyrone Power, we regret to report, lacks color as the one flash of romance in the tragic queen's life.

Superbly done historic romance. And there are moments of exquisite tapestry beauty, such as the meeting of Marie Antoinette and the Swedish prince by the great garden steps in the Versailles moonlight.

Notable, too, as the last thing planned by the late Irving Thalberg.

VITAL STATISTICS: Marie's been over four years in the making, was started by the late Irving Thalberg, had a quarter of a million in script charges against her when Thalberg died. Hunt Stromberg took her over, managed to combine the best features of about 30 scripts into one big full one, finally got her before the cameras. Two dozen writers worked on Marie, trying to make a screen woman of her. Marie cost a mere $2,500,000; writing charges were over a half million; cast cut the largest hunk, the glamorites not working for peanuts. . . . Norma Shearer's waited 4 years to play Marie; last Julietted, two years ago. Husband Thalberg died in meantime, leaving Norma with two children. Only recently has Norma emerged from mourning. She'll collect about $200,000 for her work in this, plus a share of the profits via studio earnings. Is one of few actresses who've managed to stick around for over 8 years and star, salary mounting meanwhile. Of Westmount, Montreal, she's one of three children. At 14, Norma left Montreal to help make her fambly a living, posed for artists, played piano in movie houses, did Bway bits, hecticked her way to Hollywood, where she climbed and climbed to the impossible heights. She's a shrewd business woman, could probably run a major studio, and yet may; is Hollywood-wise. . . . Practically all Hollywood juves were mentioned for Ty Power role. Rob Taylor, most logical choice, was discarded because costume parts seem to sissify him. . . . Fighting all done by Richard von Opel's Hollywood army. Opel's an ex-Austrian war officer, came here in 1932, was appalled by the inexpertness of screen armies, recruited his own from soda fountain, gas station, dep't store, high-school and college campuses, threw out misfits, trained it to 100-per-cent war efficiency. Few of his soldiers have had previous experience, they work hard keeping in training, take real soldiers' guff, can fight any kind of war you want, can tote armor, run phony machine guns, peck with swords, toss arrows, operate crossbows, fight on foot, back, or horse. Their actual value in real warfare is undetermined. . . . Anthony Warde was playing comedy in Federal Theater dinguses till the movies grabbed him and gangstered him. Doesn't care what he acts as long as he keeps acting. . . . One big $1,000-a-take scene was ruined because Technical Adviser Richelavie detected fact that Louis XV's right foot didn't hang out of the stretcher as history says it did. Barrymore stuck his foot out and they did it right the second time. . . . For his short appearance John (The) Barrymore received $30,000. . . . Reginald Gardiner's the fellow who imitates wallpaper. He's an excellent Greek, Latin, and theology scholar, a Wimbledon, Englandonian, belongs to the American Legion, says he never recreates, his favorite exercise being caviar and crisp crackers. He gave command performances before Edward VIII, imitating trains. Can imitate anything animate under or in sun if you mention it. . . . Joe Spurin-Calleia's from the I. of Malta, was the dopey waiter in Bway. became a nasty leerer for Hollywood.



Hollywood's Marie Antoinette.

DRUMS

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Sabu, Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, Valerie Hobson, David Tree, Desmond Tester, Francis L. Sullivan, Archibald Batty, Frederick Culley, Amid Taftazani, Lawrence Baskcomb, Roy Emerton, Michael Martin Harvey, Martin Walker, Ronald Adam, Charles Oliver, Julian Mitchell, Miriam Pieris. Adapted by Lajos Biro from an original story by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by Zoltan Korda. Produced by London Films-United Artists. Running time, 97 minutes.

AN A. E. W. Mason yarn of North India, where the hill tribesmen grow restless under the dominance of the British. Here at the mountain gateway to China and Afghanistan is a young prince, a boy orphaned by native plotters who hope to organize the district against the English infidels.

All this moves before a pattern of British colonization, of young officers leading their men against snipers, of kilted Highlanders on forced marches through the lonely mountain roads of India to shrieking bagpipes, of toasts to the king and lovely English wives standing stanchly by their husbands at the outposts of civilization. Filmed in technicolor, this has a pattern of fantastic color. It is, in brief, very Rudyard Kiplingish.

Sabu, the Indian boy who was the child pachyderm hunter of Elephant Boy, here plays the young Hindu prince with charm and guileless appeal. Raymond Massey seems a trifle Iagoish as the native leader of the plotters, Valerie Hobson is the typical British officer's wife putting a brave face to things.

There is high excitement in a plot to ambush the British garrison at Tokot. True, the dusky turbaned natives talk with a crisp English accent, but on the whole this is the best film to come out of Britain in a long time. It has color and punch.

VITAL STATISTICS: Life of Sabu, the East Indian Freddie Bartholomew, might have been penned by Kipling crossed with Alger. Born in jungly wild-elephant and tiger country, Sabu's pop was a mahout in the Maharajah of Mysore's elephant stables. At 8, Sabu was an expert pachyderm jockey himself; at 9. his father died in the jungle, completely orphaning Sabu. To save his dad's elephant from dying of a broken heart under a new master, Sabu snuck him out of the stables

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one night, released him to the primeval, cried through the night. Considering school pretty sissy, Sabu was educated largely in the royal Mysorean stables; was rescued from same when Robert (Nanook) Flaherty found him living on a few handfuls of rice a day, cast him as Toomai in Elephant Boy, made a dusky star of him. Story is Sabu followed Flaherty around for six months out of sheer curiosity, while Flaherty vainly sought an ideal elephant boy—before he got recognized. Sabu learned to mimic English for that pic; has since been transplanted to England, where he's been transformed into a little English gentleman, picked up a right smart education at Beaconsfield School, near London. He plays right half for the Beaconsfield second rugby XI; though small and light he's fast and best. Also likes to bike, tennis, swim, and dive, is nuts about skating, things fellows don't get to do in Indian jungles. Spends his off hours at the London Zoo rendering Indian love calls to the elephants; keeps his mongoose Rikki there too. Whimsically expects to be an electrician in the Korda studios when he grows up, or return to India and mahout. Earns more in a day now than his father earned in a year; has a sunrise smile; lives in a fashionable Lunnon apottment, has three servants, dashes around town in a half-pint car. Has an uncanny way with animals. Gets about $1,500 a week, saves it. Lives with a brother and a Brahmin tutor. . . . Desperate Desmond Tester's an Ealing, Englander, 18, redheaded, multifreckled, a London stage and screen vet, has been an unobnoxious child star. Made his big hit as Eddie VI in Lady Jane Grey, avoids Hollywood scrupulously because he doesn't want to be spoiled and because he loves England. He's a sailing nut. . . . Big Chief Ray Massey rarely gets cast for any but top social bracketeer parts, has a sockful of versatility, was idealistic dreamboy in Wells' Things to Come, is a graspy meanie of a menacing wretch in this. He's a Toronto lad. . . . Figures on willowy glamour-femme Valerie Hobson: Height 5/7; bust 34; hips 33, waist 24 and streamlined. . . . Roger Livesey's got old-vintage acting blood in his veins, says even the maids in his house make great actresses. . . . Yep, that's the Khyber Pass, sore slot on the British imperialistic front, herein. Company traveled 1,000s of miles from London to Khyber location, found pass still primitive, traffic camelly and smelly, protection better than it's ever been. Travelers still travel at their own risk, however, armed to the molars.

DARK SANDS

★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: Paul Robeson, Henry Wilcoxon, Wallace Ford, Princess Kouka. Directed by Thornton Freeland. Produced by Walter Futter-Record Pictures. Running time, 77 minutes.

ANOTHER English-made picture, largely filmed in the Sahara. And you will be surprised at how differently the real Sahara looks from the Hollywood version, so often filmed in the West. Our disillusionment is pretty devastating. The real Sahara lacks Hollywood personality!

This is the story of a runaway Negro doughboy who skips from France in a stolen boat, in time becomes overlord of a Grade A oasis in the desert. The Negro's white captain is cashiered, gets five years in Leavenworth for letting the lad get away, and devotes the rest of his life to tracking down the cause of his downfall. When he trails the darky to his oasis—well, you can see the film.

The splendid-voiced Paul Robeson is the Negro, Henry Wilcoxon is the officer, and Wallace Ford is a tough white soldier who runs away from the battle front with the colored deserter. Not for those who wish no happiness for deserters—but it has the first picturing of a great salt trek across the Sahara, with a caravan of endless camel power. In brief, a novelty.

VITAL STATISTICS: That's actual Sahara Desert used in this, not the Death Valley sissy kind, nor a lot of washed spinach sand strewn around a Hollywood stage and set up with fake palm trees and Central Casting Arabs. . . . Seems producer Walter Futter, ex-Hollywooder, now operating around London, heard of the Great Salt Trek, wrote a story around it, made the jaunt himself along with the Saltseekers, accompanied by working crew of 35, movie equipment, and actors Wilcoxon, Ford, and Robeson. Salt trek is annual affair, various desert tribes cover 2,500 miles across the Sahara to Bilma to pick up a yearly supply of salt. (Why they don't send down to the local A. & P. I'll never know, instead of going to all that trouble!) Salt caravan is actually photogged herein for first time, no ringers or phonies used. . . . Pic took over 2 years to make, cost about $200,000, things being cheap around Africa. . . . Paul Robeson has royal Bantu blood in him; he was born at Princeton, April 9, 1898, last of 8 children of a colored preacher. Paul grew up to be the white-haired boy of American athletics, acting, and singing. He was the third Negro to enter Rutgers, where he tracked, basketballed, baseballed. Was Phi Beta Kappa, became a Columbia lawyer after Rutgers, weighed 200 at 19, never practiced law, went on to the stage instead. A big success on American concert and acting stages, he went to England, hasn't been back here for last five years or so. Has never taken an acting lesson in his life. He's rich, tragic, and gifted.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mad About Music.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

★★★—The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1—Harry Kendall Thaw.
2—Tiny insects chiefly.
3—A beginner.
4—Job.
5—The Methodist Church.
6—A musical instrument.
7—Rosine Sarah Bernhardt (1845-1923).
8—At Paris, France, in March, 1919, at a meeting of a group of members of the American Expeditionary Force.
9—Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49).
10—Caspar Wistar (1761-1818).
11—American.
12—In the form of fat in his hump.
13—Sherwood Anderson.
14—Oporto, Portugal.
15—Come quick—danger!
16—Simone Simon.
17—Dark-horse candidates.
18—Abraham Lincoln.
19—G-men.
20—

Jas. J. Hill

GET INTO LIBERTY'S NAME GAME!

THIRTY-TWO CASH PRIZES

$800

WILL BE PAID FOR ANAGRAMS THAT YOU CAN MAKE

Your Chance to Win is Excellent!

YOU still have time to enter and win one of the group of "easy money" cash prizes that Liberty will award for your skill at building anagrams. Get into the game today if you have not already done so. In brief, all that is necessary in order to win is to construct four anagrams from your own name, a name in your family, or the name of a friend. The examples below illustrate the sort of results you can get with a bit of perseverance and skill at letter juggling. Here is a word of caution: Do not use any letter that does not appear in the name you work with. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the name. It is not necessary to use all of the letters in the name. Use just those which you require for your anagram. Use them all if you will. Your anagram may be a word, a word group, or a short sentence—the examples illustrate these points. Now get busy. Enter the name and your anagram on Coupon 3, clip it, and file it away until your set is completed with Coupon 4, which will be published next week. Coupons submitted separately will not be considered. Read the rules carefully. They give complete instructions.

EXAMPLES

To help you get started, Liberty reprints for your guidance these simple anagrams. For instance, JEWELL HOOPER will make WHOOPEE; BABS MOONEY is SOME BABY, NO? and VICTOR LEONARD FOX juggles into I DO NOT LOAF! Get the idea? Now fill out Entry Coupon No. 3 and be ready for the fourth one next week.

LATE ENTRY

In case you did not get into the game last week and need the first three coupons in order to bring your entry even with the field, Liberty will supply a reprint if you will enclose five cents with your request to cover the cost of printing and handling. Mail your request to the address in Rule 5. Your order will be filled promptly. Of course if you have not given away or mislaid your copies of Liberty, you can clip the coupons from them.

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks, ending with the issue dated September 3, 1938, Liberty will publish an Anagram Game entry coupon.

2. To compete, write your own name, a name in your family, or the name of a friend on the line indicated on the coupon, then juggle the letters until you find clever and ingenious words they will form.

3. Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. Don't use any letter more times than it appears in the name. Don't use a letter that does not appear in the name.

4. It is not necessary to find a lot of words in your word or word combinations that will count. One word may prove the best anagram.

5. Save each coupon until your set of four is complete. Then mail them as a unit, at the same time, to Anagram Contest Editor, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 16, the closing date of this contest.

6. Entries will be judged on the basis of cleverness and ingenuity of the anagrams, and neatness will count. Cash prizes of $25 each will be paid for the thirty-two entries which rate highest on this basis. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

LIBERTY'S ANAGRAM GAME

ENTRY COUPON NO. 3

SAVE THE COUPON
UNTIL THE END OF
THE CONTEST, THEN
SEND ALL FOUR TOGETHER. INDIVIDUAL COUPONS WILL
NOT BE CONSIDERED

(Write the full name here)

(Print your anagram here)

Teeth *hard* to Bryten?

Here's News! Iodent No. 2 toothpaste and powder is scientifically compounded by a Dentist and guaranteed to SAFELY remove most stubborn stains—even smoke stains—from hard-to-bryten teeth, or money back. Have bright, sparkling teeth like millions do. Get refreshing Iodent today.

IODENT

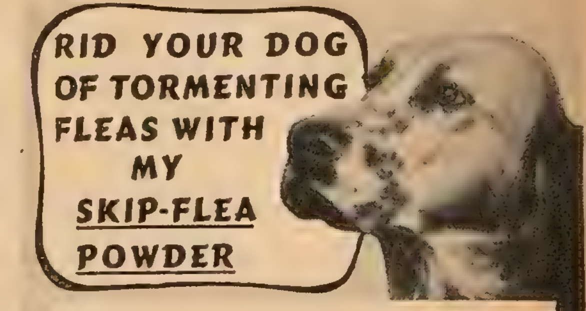
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN — TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER — NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.


RID YOUR DOG OF TORMENTING FLEAS WITH MY SKIP-FLEA POWDER

There are 23 tested "Sergeant's" Dog Medicines. Trusted since 1879. Constantly improved. Made of finest drugs. Sold under money-back Guarantee by drug and pet shops. Ask them for a FREE copy of "Sergeant's" Dog Book, or write:

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
248 W. Broad Street • Richmond, Va.

Copr. 1938, Polk Miller Products Corp.

SERGEANT

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"The Workers Are the Suckers"

NEW CASTLE, PA.—After having read Mr. Macfadden's editorial, The Workers Are the Suckers (June 18 Liberty), I wish to congratulate him on his truthful and forceful statement of fact. I only wish every worker in the United States would read this editorial and think it over.

I also wish to give you my own experience along this line. It is an actual case of just what confiscatory taxation can do and is doing to business both large and small.

There is a customer to whom I sell equipment, and my line being rather heavy, most sales go from $1,500 to $5,000. Almost every spring I get an order from this man; last spring I got almost $3,000, the year before the same. This spring I called on him at the usual time and I got his specifications for some equipment that he was contemplating, and of course as usual went back to my office and figured it all up, to have on my next trip.

Now, this man has a small business and employs two girls in his office and about six men outside. I would say he nets from $6,000 to $10,000 a year, possibly.

Well, I got his figures up and I called on him. This year his purchase was going to be about $1,200. When I handed him the quotation, he read it and said it looked very fair, but since checking up on his taxes and other expenses that the government had been placing against his small business, he found that where his taxes, etc., had been around $1,200 a year before, this last year they were $4,700, an increase of $3,500, and this did not include the part of the Social Security levy his employees paid themselves, either. He said that the money he had formerly given me and which had bought equipment had to be given the government this year and he could not afford to lay out the $1,200.

Now, this man's purchase last year gave ten men in our shop work for eleven days, besides the steel mills, railroads, and other incidentals, as well as a profit for myself and my company. Since this item was all steel and used four tons, some of which was finished steel bearings, etc., this one $3,000 order was spread out over quite a territory. But this year the government took that money. They got $3,500 and our men got nothing, I got nothing, the steel company and paint company got nothing.

Does the worker pay? I will say he pays! And he is only starting. Every year it is getting worse. My sales are off 75 per cent so far this year, and all because of just such things as the above. Business men do not know what to do.

If government politicians who don't know a Jersey cow from a West Virginia moose would let business alone, quit squandering our money, and quit gallivanting around making speeches about the "Lost Generation" and telling us what a terrible fix the country is in, possibly business would forget some of its ills and perk up.—*W. C. Wright.*

BRING BAER BACK WHERE?

POCATELLO, IDA.—We appreciate just how difficult it is to break into Vox Pop. However, we shall try once more.

Is a Little Child Bringing Back Max Baer? by Jack Dempsey (July 9 Liberty) is something to ponder.

Dempsey's statement that a little child might bring Max Baer back is amusing, and we would ask, bring him back where?

No; it will take a lot more than a little child or, for that matter, a whole bunch of children to give Baer something that he has never had before, and —ahem—we understand Dempsey's inference to be a standing in the boxing business.—*E. B. Small.*

JULIA MARLOWE'S NAMES

WARREN, OHIO—Knowing that your magazine would not willfully publish anything you knew to be misleading, I call your attention to the following:

You state in July 2 Twenty Questions that Julia Marlowe's name was Sarah Frances Frost. Please look into the records and find if her name was not Fannie Brough. I am writing this to you not for publicity but in the interest of having true biographies when writing of noted people.—*D. Rhys Ford, Sr.*

[According to the New International Encyclopedia, Julia Marlowe was born Sarah Frances Frost, near Keswick, Cumberland, England. Brought to America when she was four years old. Her first appearance on the stage was in Vincennes, Indiana, under the name of Fanny Brough, when she was twelve. It was in an amateur performance of H. M. S. Pinafore.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A STORY FOR EVERY TASTE

HARTFORD, CONN.—We folks out here don't get much recognition, but I'm trying anyway.

I want the chance to tell Vox Pop readers what a grand story Edward Doherty's Hurrying Heaven—The Story of Brother Martin, is (July 16 Liberty). Even though I am no longer numbered among Catholics, I still respect and admire them.

I have read all of Edward Doherty's stories and I don't think any were as good as this one.

As for Liberty itself, I can say it's top-notch because there is a story for every taste.—*Irene M. Skene.*

V. F. W. SPONSORING A BICYCLE CLUB SAFETY PROGRAM

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Please accept our heartiest congratulations on the editorial reply to twelve-year-old Zell Altman (July 2 Liberty). The timely use of young Altman's letter and Mr. Oursler's moving and thoughtful reply should go far toward solving one of the most pressing traffic-safety problems of today, since it undoubtedly will focus the attention of thousands of persons on the immediate necessity for curbing the motorcar menace on our streets and highways.

We believe you will be interested to know that the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States is sponsoring a Bicycle Club Safety program in cities and towns throughout the country in which our 3,700 local posts and 2,000 auxiliary units are located.

These clubs rapidly are being organized in scores of communities under V. F. W. sponsorship. We are sending a copy of our booklet to Chief of Police Broad, Lynn, Massachusetts, and to H. P. B. Williamson, Commander of the Lynn V. F. W. Post, in the hope that a bicycle safety club will be organized there, so that Zell and his friends may safely ride their bicycles during the summer vacation as well as the rest of the year.—*Scott P. Squyres*, Commander in Chief, V. F. W.

FROM ALICE TO ZEBRA

STOCKTON, CALIF.—With all due respect to your Princess Kropotkin and her To the Ladies, she has been sadly misinformed as to a telephone alphabet (June 18 Liberty). Possibly this list may be correct but it is definitely not the standard alphabet.

The telephone company has developed an alphabet which has been tried and true for many years. As, Alice, Bertha, Charles, David, Edward, Frank, George, Harry, Ida, James, Kate, Louis, Mary, Nellie, Oliver, Peter, Quaker, Robert, Samuel, Thomas, Utah, Victor, William, X ray, Young, and Zebra.

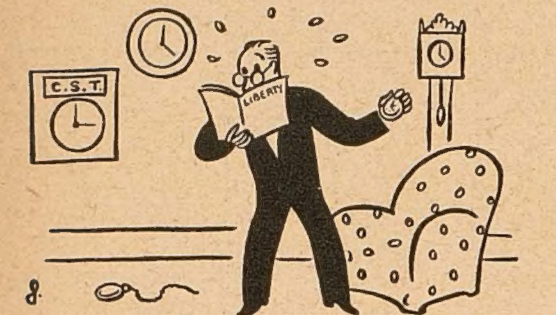
I obtained this from an operator.—*Mrs. E. Marks.*

HARROWED AT • 22 MIN. 5 SEC.

AUSTIN, TEX.—Must you always rush me? Peacefully I sit down to read Liberty, but not for long. After looking through the advertisements (which is the best part of Liberty), I am harrowed with a caption 22 minutes, 5 seconds. Right then and there I challenge myself. Can I read it in that time? No; can you?

I used to use my watch; but, believing that it was inaccurate according to Liberty's timing, I bought a stop watch. Now I believe it too is inaccurate. I have thumbed through Liberty at a furious rate, at a slow rate (sometimes falling asleep in so doing), trying to read it in Liberty's time.

Maybe you use Daylight Saving Time along with Eastern Standard Time, which might make for the error involved, as I use neither D. L. S. T. nor E. S. T. I use only plain ordinary Central Standard Time. May I offer the suggestion that you leave a blank for the reading time and let the reader fill it in at his own pleasure?—*Landis Mahaffey.*



HITCHHIKER AS MIDWIFE!

WALLA WALLA, WASH.—My patience has reached the end of endurance so far as your Short Short stories go. They are not what "they used to wuz," and have not been for many, many moons. However, this letter is directed to your Short Short story called Detour (July 9 Liberty).

I am a graduate nurse with several years' experience in helping to bring babies into this world, and of all the silly, farfetched stories I ever read, this one takes the cake. I am wondering if your Short Short Editor has a wife and children, am wondering if he ever stood by the bedside of a mother as she gave birth to a child. My same thoughts go to the writer of this outrageous story.

Picture, if you can, a doctor picking up from the highway a hitchhiker and taking him to a woman's bedside under such circumstances! Dirty clothes, dirty hands—a stranger. Ye gods!

Then, too, imagine the father going to his other kids and leaving a hitchhiker to be midwife!—*M. B.*

"WHAT AIN'T SO"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Here is an idea for the Twenty Questions Editor: Put in some questions "what ain't so." Example: The hair of what famous queen turned white during the night before she was guillotined?

Answer: Nobody's; the thing is an absurd impossibility. (Still, a good many histories do have it in as a fact!)—*Albert B. Schaefer.*

Farewell Jingle to the Buffalo Nickel

FORT HANCOCK, N. J.—I see by the papers that the buffalo nickel is to be a thing of the past. The following was inspired by the passing of this outstanding American coin with the help of the idea and a couple of lines stolen from Old Ironsides which were taken from me (!?) some time previous:

OLD IRON-PUSS

Aye, fling that rugged Indian down
  Who long hath reigned supreme,
And many an eye hath danced to see
  That shiny profile gleam.
Behind that pan the buffalo
  That once did kingly tread.
The land beneath the Western skies
  Have movies now instead.
His haunts, once wild and clean as rain,
  Where roamed his buffalo,
Ere pioneers trod in his domain
  And swift became his foe,
No more will ring with hunter's call
  Where the crystal fountains trickle.
They shoved him off of his terrain,
  And now he's off the nickel!

Oh, better that his coinèd face
  And he should go together;
The day is gone when freedom reigned—
  The New Deal system's better.
Declare that mighty chieftain free—
  To the happiest hunting spots,
That he may roam the wilds again
  Outside of subway slots.

—*P. W. Blevins.*

FREEDOM IS OUR RICHES

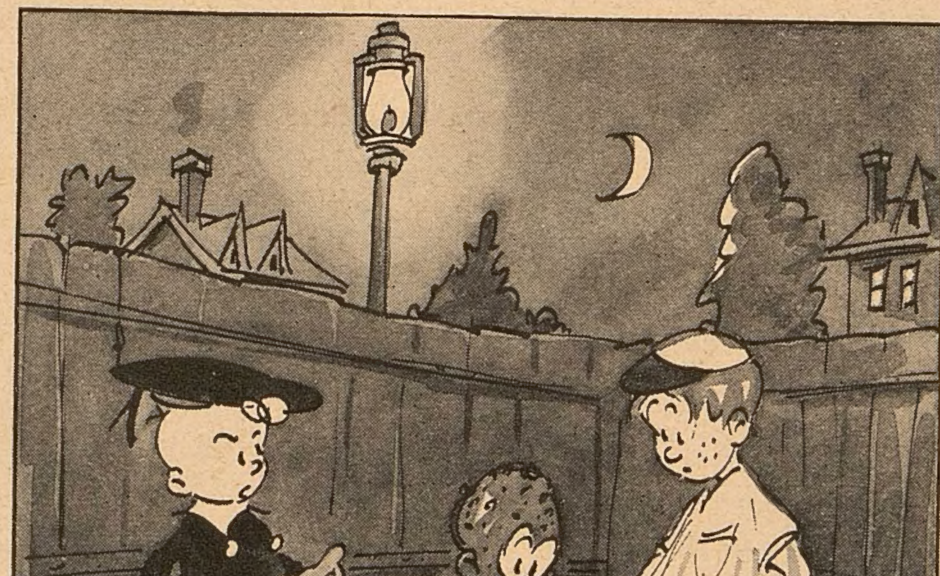
RENO, NEV.—In answer to L. B. Keene's question to Mr. Macfadden in July 2 Vox Pop, I would like to state that we are the richest people on earth because we have *freedom.* We have no dictator standing over us telling us what to wear, what to eat, what to write in our personal letters, etc. There is no spy system to ferret out whether we are for the President or against, and then, if against, taken out at sunrise and shot or else beheaded.

We do not have to pay five dollars a pound for coffee or two dollars a pound for butter, as they do in Russia. We have no poor ignorant peasant class here who are denied the right of free education or to learn a good occupation. There are no bloody massacres here caused by racial hatred, for here all people are created equal.

We have ideals and a country that no Fascist, Communist, or Hitlerist can ever overthrow.

This all adds up to the fact that this is a darn good little country to live in!—*An American.*

"HARDTACK"



"Leslie here is no good for these night games—I keep runnin' into him."

VACANT SHELL EXPLOSION ON PRAYER!

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—Referring to a letter by Mr. A. S. Keptic of Topeka (July 2 Vox Pop), I fear I have been misinformed in the past as to a vacant shell exploding. There can be little, if any, difference between an unloaded shell and a vacant mind. Certainly that was some explosion from Mr. Keptic when he called the editor of Liberty's prayer series for what he termed "fanning the dying spark of superstition."

Should he ever desire to gain admittance to the home for feeble-minded, he should need no other credentials than his explosion on prayer.

Liberty is my favorite magazine, and those prayer articles are the best reading that has come to my sight in many years.—*William Henry.*

COVERS FOR A SCRAPBOOK

SALEM, ORE.—The pictures on the covers of Liberty would make a swell scrapbook; in fact, lots of them are good enough to frame. That is, they would be if you would keep the wording on the cover off them.

Couldn't you do something about this — block the pictures in the center or one corner and put the wording around it in the border?

This, I'm sure, would be the final step in making Liberty the *superb* magazine.—*Mrs. Sam Waggoner.*

WHAT IS BEHIND MRS. McLEAN'S ARTICLES?

SINCE LIBERTY began the publication of the experiences of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, we have been receiving a deluge of letters, some addressed to the author but most of them directed to us. . . . The interest aroused is widespread and deep. . . . Many of the letters praise Mrs. McLean for her courage in disclosing these facts and the magazine for publishing them, and for these we express our thanks. . . . Other letters criticize Mrs. McLean for writing the story and Liberty for publishing it. . . . The general trend of such letters is that too much has been said about the Lindbergh case and that it should be allowed to die and be forgotten. . . . "What is your purpose in keeping the matter alive?" is a question that appeared in a number of letters. . . . The answer to this will be clear to any one who read Governor Hoffman's story or who will read Mrs. McLean's. . . . In spite of all those who declare that the case is solved and closed, the suspicion will not down that it was not completely solved and should not be closed. . . . Somewhere in the world today may be a man, or men, who really committed that crime. . . . The arrest of any possible accomplice of Hauptmann would be a highly important step in American justice. . . . The points raised by Governor Hoffman and Mrs. McLean cannot be laughed off. . . . Any one who studies them conscientiously must see that they constitute a challenge to American justice. . . . In the belief that American justice is so important that grave suspicions about its wisdom should be aired, Liberty has given its space to those who raised these questions. . . . It offered its space to others who might have answered the questions raised. . . . Liberty, as always, offers its space as a forum for matters that are important to the American people. . . . And what can be more important to the American people than that its system of justice be above suspicion and that no doubts about it should ever be hushed? . . . We feel that we have done our duty in giving a hearing to those who believe that further investigation is necessary to clear up all doubts. . . . The rest is up to the public. . . . IN THIS SPIRIT of giving a hearing to both sides on all important public themes, we offer next week an article of national importance. . . . It is called The One-Man Depression, and the author is Senator H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, formerly Governor of that state. . . . You will recall his article on the National Labor Relations Board, which created national comment. . . . His new article, unless we are mistaken, will create even more of a stir. . . . In presenting his views, we are again not taking sides, but offer them as a thoughtful criticism of the Washington administration from the point of view of an authoritative opponent whose integrity and patriotism are above question. . . . OUR PUBLISHER, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, comes in with another rebuttal, the other side of the rejuvenation question. . . . Some weeks ago, an anonymous contributor told of his experiences in rejuvenation under the Steinach treatment. . . . Mr. Macfadden says that is not rejuvenation at all. . . . Artificial Rejuvenation is the title of his article, which shows not only the fallacies, as Mr. Macfadden sees them, but also constructively points to a way of life by which nature, the great wonder-worker, will perform real miracles in the body. . . . In tune with this is another interesting piece called Fascination After Fifty, in which is told Billie Burke's secret of youthful charm. . . . That is something that men as well as women will like to learn. . . . And then there is an interview with Stalin, the walrus-faced dictator of Soviet Russia. . . . In recent issues, Liberty has published face-to-face interviews with Mussolini and Hitler, the Fascist dictators. . . . Now comes Princess Radziwill with an intimate talk in which Stalin speaks of Hitler in the frankest terms. . . . Can you forecast in your own mind what Stalin would be likely to say about Hitler, especially if you found him a little off guard? . . . That is like a quiz question on a radio program, isn't it? . . . RADIO, as you know, has gone wild over quiz programs. . . . The fun that you readers of Liberty have had out of our weekly Twenty Questions has now become a national radio pastime. . . . There are many such programs on the air right now, and many more are coming in the fall. . . . Quiz-Crazy is the title of an article by Frederick L. Collins, telling you more about this interesting phenomenon which shows how radio follows the editorial policies of your favorite magazine. . . . There are many other interesting articles, including a fine sports piece, a yarn about the quintuplets by Marguerite Mooers Marshall, and others; also some of the best fiction of the year. . . . Don't miss Smoke Gets in Your Heart, by John Stuart; Love from Father, by Carol Krum; and the other exciting short stories, as well as installments of the current serials. . . . SUPERSTITIONS CONTINUE to roll in. . . . One correspondent writes that Carole Lombard never wears stockings unless her screen role requires them. . . . She is also superstitious about a sapphire ring which she wears, a gift from William Powell when he was her husband. . . . She has an old cracked mirror in the portable dressing room that is always set upon the stage where she is working. . . . Says Miss Lombard, "It's like an old friend. I don't dare to start a scene without looking in it." . . . We have just received another of those beautiful volumes of camera impressions by Samuel Chamberlain. . . . The latest in the series is called Historic Salem in Four Seasons, published by Hastings House. . . . The photographs are eloquent reminders of the drama and beauty of Salem's romantic past. . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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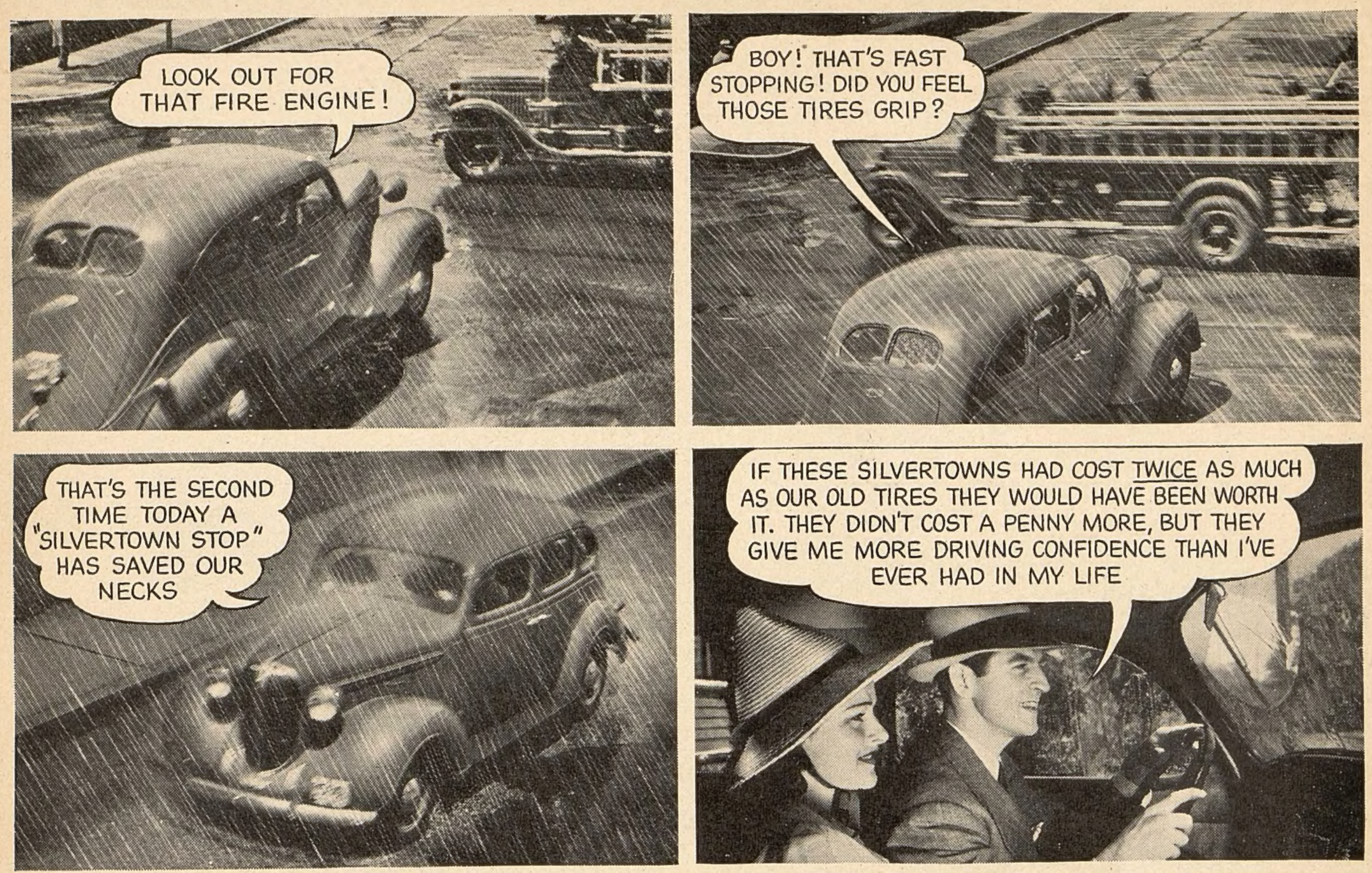
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY J. ERBIT

DANGER AHEAD! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOU IN THIS WET ROAD EMERGENCY?


LOOK OUT FOR THAT FIRE ENGINE!
BOY! THAT'S FAST STOPPING! DID YOU FEEL THOSE TIRES GRIP?
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME TODAY A "SILVERTOWN STOP" HAS SAVED OUR NECKS
IF THESE SILVERTOWNS HAD COST TWICE AS MUCH AS OUR OLD TIRES THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTH IT. THEY DIDN'T COST A PENNY MORE, BUT THEY GIVE ME MORE DRIVING CONFIDENCE THAN I'VE EVER HAD IN MY LIFE

NEW KIND OF TIRE GIVES QUICKEST NON-SKID STOPS *You've Ever Seen!*

PROOF! FROM 3 MONTHS' ROAD TESTS BY AMERICA'S LARGEST INDEPENDENT TESTING LABORATORY

● "Both regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. ELLIS, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection, Too

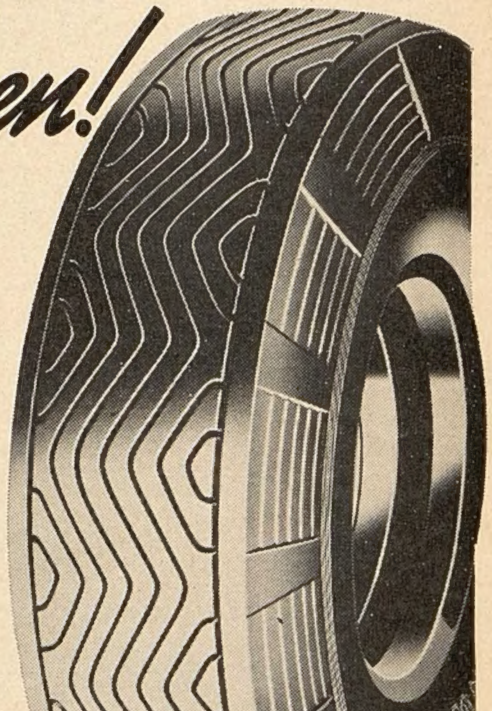
CHILDREN running across the street! Cars darting out in front of you! No matter how carefully you drive—time and again on rainy days you're suddenly faced with wet road emergencies—where only the quickest possible stop will save lives.

Remember, the never-ending spiral bars of the Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers. They sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* drainage grooves—make a DRY TRACK for the rubber to grip.

This new Silvertown is also the *only* tire that gives you the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection.

See your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a free demonstration ride.

Remember, for safety's sake, make your next tires Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.



The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.